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DAVENPORT ALERT.

ALL EDITORIAL ISSUE.

VOL. III. DAVENPORT, IA., AUGUST, 1886. No. 2.

OUR "POME."

Dedicated to *The Rochesterian.*

An amateur, not long ago,
Declared for sure and published so,
That we had made him very sick
By what he calls our "poetry."

Now, poetry we never write,
Tis a big word for trash so light.
We never thought that anyone
Would call such stuff, composed for fun,
By such a big, high-sounding name;
We said "Our 'Pome,'" we're not to blame.

But since his stomach is so weak,
That milk and water make him sick,
He'd better follow kind advice
And, for a wet-nurse, advertise.

THE N. A. P. A.

—THE MUGWMUPS TRIUMPH.—

San Francisco, July 30.

The following are the officers elected at the National:

President,	J. H. I. Munroe.
1st V. "	F. C. Wicks,
2nd " "	J. C. Bull.
3rd. " "	J. D. Bowersock.*
Rec. "	F. L. Hunter.
Cor. Secretary,	Wm. B. Baldwin.
Treasurer,	Mrs. Z. A. Swift.
Official Editor,	E. A. Edkins.

Next Meeting Place, Philadelphia.
Executive Judges, W. S. Moore, F. S. Arnett and B. P. Emery.

99 votes were cast. 30 amateurs present. Munroe received 49 votes and HEATH received 36. Scattering, 4.

Bowersock and James were the only amateurs present from outside the state.

‡ UNANIMOUS.

WE are under obligations to Mr. Amberson L. McClinton for copies of the Banquet Menu, Ball Programme and local Invitations. The Menu is especially attractive; printed on a ragged edge card, in black, bronze and red. The Programme is also very neat. McClinton Bros. furnished the entire lot free and they should receive an extra large vote of thanks.

OWING to our removal, we are compelled to issue an ensmalled number this month. This necessitates the omission of our serial story and the major portion of our advertisements We hope to enlarge considerably soon but can not promise until we are fully settled.

THE June DIXIE publishes an answer to an editorial in a late PALLADIUM upon Jeff. Davis' attempt at oratory while "doing" the south recently. The first error which Dixie makes is in comparing Davis to Bonaparte. Better have compared brass to gold! Davis and Louis Riel would have been more proper. Both richly deserved hanging, but only the latter got his deserts. Did not Jeff. Davis violate the oath that he took to support the government of the United States as he assumed his seat in Congress, by consenting to become the head of armies whose one object was to overthrow and despoil that government? Failing in this, they now, twenty one years afterward. get together and talk of their "sufferings during the late 'wah,'" as though they were the oppressed and not the oppressors.

Mr. Dixie need have no doubt whatever that Jeff. Davis DID utter

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TAX THE OVERRICH TO GIVE WORK TO THE UNEMPLOYED

LOVE OF LIFE—INDEPENDENCE—TOLERANCE—KINDLINESS—HAPPINESS

PEACE PROMOTES PROGRESS

Democratic Youth

FREEDOM PROMOTES PROGRESS

Published for young people who still believe in democracy

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS STAT RECORD

29 1944

Government is not a trade which any man or body of men has a right to set up and exercise for his own emolument, but is altogether a trnst, in right of those by whom that trust is delegated, and by whom it is always resumable. It has of itself no rights; they are altogether duties.—Thos. Paine.

Vol. 3. No. 3. MAY, 1933 Price 10 cents

Should Incomes Be Limited?

106 Thomas Pl., Yonkers, N. Y.
March 16, 1933

Editor Democratic Youth:

In the March Democratic Youth you stated that every person's income should be limited to $100,000 a year. I agree with you on many of your broad statements, but on some things we disagree. I think the government could be run by revenue from income tax alone. Of course I don't expect this to be done for quite a while yet. It may also be possible to prevent people from inheriting any money at all. Both these viewpoints may seem, and probably are, radical. Possibly I have these views because I am unable to pay income tax and have no "rich uncle." But let us put ourselves in the place of others who are earning more than $100,000 a year. When we have earned the $100,000 we would probably have lost our sense of patriotism, or even if we kept it, each cent we earn over the amount would go to the government—it would not be ours unless the government was doing exactly what we wanted done (but it can't please everyone—it has a greater job). You and I would rather have a vacation than work for nothing, no matter how much we enjoy the work. We would want more time to enjoy the things our wealth has brought us. We would, I think, take a vacation. If our presence in the business is necessary (and we may not realize it) the business will dwindle in our absence and this would not be of benefit to the country. Of course, there is much to prevent a person from leaving his work even tho he is earning no money for himself, but I think it is possible that some would stop work as I have tried to indicate, with detrimental effect to the country.

I think anyone should be permitted to earn just as much as he can as long as he spends freely. Man should determine for himself how much work he should do and no restriction should prevent him from doing it. He would stop on his own accord. (Your statement may be OK if studied in detail, but as I see it, it would hinder business.) He should be severely taxed by the government on all that he does not spend. I believe this would have the effect that you hoped for by setting a certain limit. I suppose it is possible for some people to spend a million in less than a year, maybe you and I could if we had it and knew it would be taxed if we didn't spend it. Of course people would not spend every cent they earn, some would be put away for a "rainy day," but we should not feel justified in objecting to a tax on this saving. I realize

When you have finished reading this magazine, please hand it to a friend. Another good deed done!

X P.N 4827 #3

LOVE OF LIFE—INDEPENDENCE—TOLERANCE—KINDLINESS—HAPPINESS

PEACE PROMOTES PROGRESS

Democratic Youth

FREEDOM PROTECTS PROGRESS

Published for young idealists who still believe in democracy

Government is not a trade which any man or body of men has a right to set up and exercise for his own emolument, but is altogether a trust, in right of those by whom that trust is delegated, and by whom it is always resumable. It has of itself no rights; they are altogether duties.—Thos. Paine.

Vol. 3. No. 2. MARCH, 1933 Price 10 cents

Do We Have Enough Money?

AN EDITORIAL

CONGRESSIONAL SERIAL RECORD
JAN 23 1948

Perhaps none of us individually thinks that he has enough money. Almost everybody always thinks that he would like to have more money than he ever has. The richest men in the world have the greatest greed for more and still more money. But this is not the question we want to discuss now. What we want to know is whether there is enough money in the country as a whole to serve the needs of the people.

Why this question?

Simply because there are political leaders who insist that the only way back to prosperity in this country is thru inflation of our currency—thru an increase in the amount of money in the country.

Their argument is that if more money were put into circulation prices would rise and this would make people happy and prosperous.

Democratic Youth cannot agree with the currency inflationists. A half truth is often more dangerous than an outright lie. The inflationists are partly right, but mostly wrong.

It is true that, other things being equal, an increased volume of money results in higher prices. It is true that rising prices are a relief to borrowers and a loss to lenders, and would therefore be good for one thing that is wrong in our country. In other words, a large number of people are in debt to a few people. Most of these debts were contracted when prices were high, and the lower prices now prevailing have increased the burden of the debts because the borrower must produce and sell a much larger amount of goods, whether his product be wheat or airplanes, to raise the money to pay back his debt. Higher prices for his product would make it easier for the borrower to pay his debts.

But it is by no means certain under present conditions that a moderate increase in the amount of money in our country would result in higher prices. There is at least 20 percent more money in the country now than there was four years ago, but prices, instead of being higher, are from 10 to 80 percent lower.

We have to consider not only how much money there is in the country but also how it is being used—or disused or misused.

Our trouble is not that there is too little money in the country, but that most of it is in the hands of greedy, selfish interests which control it in such a way as to destroy independent enterprises and rake the wealth of the country into the possession of the favored few.

Under our present system of legislation favoring the overrich, if the government were to double the amount of money in the country it would be only a short time until the

When you have finished reading this magazine, please hand it to a friend. Another good deed done!

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TAX THE OVERRICH TO GIVE WORK TO THE UNEMPLOYED

LOVE OF LIFE—INDEPENDENCE—TOLERANCE—KINDLINESS—HAPPINESS

PEACE IS SENSE REASON

Democratic Youth

FREEDOM FREE PRODUCTS

Published for young idealists who still believe in democracy

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Vol. 3. No. 1 FEBRUARY, 1933 Price 10 cents

The Sales Tax Menace

GENERAL LIBRARY
APR 29 1944

AN EDITORIAL

Thanks to the democracy of Franklin D. Roosevelt, we are probably safe from having a federal sales tax imposed on us, for a few years at least. The danger now is in proposed state sales taxes.

If Kentucky had a democratic governor there would be no danger of a general sales tax here. But Kentucky does not have a democratic governor. We have a governor who calls himself a Democrat, but who was nominated by bipartizan political bosses in a convention called by an executive committee controlled by these bosses.

If, two years ago, the Democrats of Kentucky had been permitted themselves to choose their own nominee for governor in a regular primary election, we would not now be afflicted with the misgovernment of Ruby Laffoon.

Mr. Laffoon was generous with promises during his campaign for election. The same convention which nominated a boss-controlled state ticket also adopted a really good platform for its candidates to ignore after election. This platform contains a fair warning which the voters of Kentucky have not yet fully appreciated:

"The welfare of the state depends less upon measures than upon men, and it is to these men we invite the public to look in forming their judgment as to whether the program promulgated by this convention will be executed and its pledges kept."

Democratic Youth is willing to apply the test suggested by this platform which was approved by Kentucky voters in 1931, and since the proposed program is not being executed and the platform pledges are not being kept, we must conclude that the convention's nominees have proved unworthy of the trust we have given them.

In his campaign for election two years ago Mr. Laffoon led the voters to believe that he actually had a sincere desire to serve the people of Kentucky instead of serving the political bosses of Kentucky. In a burst of righteously indignant oratory at West Liberty he broke grammatical rules to declare that "No man can't control me, my friends!" On different occasions he declared that he believed that platforms are made to stand on, not merely to get in on. But he managed to climb off immediately after the election.

As a candidate, Mr. Laffoon, with tearful eyes and voice, protested that

You have a friend who will enjoy reading this. Be neighborly. Pass it on.

A-1 4827 #5

TAX THE OVERRICH TO GIVE WORK TO THE UNEMPLOYED

LOVE OF LIFE—INDEPENDENCE—TOLERANCE—KINDLINESS—HAPPINESS

PEACE · SECURITY · FREEDOM

Democratic Youth

FREEDOM · SECURITY · PROSPERITY

Published for young idealists who still believe in democracy

29 1944

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The

Dixie Amateur

The official organ of

PUBLISHED AT MONROE, N. C.
IN APRIL MCMXXXIV
ROBERT L. PARKER, EDITOR

SLEEP

by J. Hemstock

TO COVER up our grief and sorrow,
To turn today into tomorrow,
And sand for heavy eyelids borrow,
We sleep.

With musty tongue and tangled hair,
With tired soul that has no care,
We steal a ride on milk-white mare,
We sleep.

And when the morning's come and toyed
With restfulness we so enjoyed,
Remembering that we're unemployed,
We sleep.

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Dakota Dust

VOL. I FALL, 1936 NO. 2

APR 29 1940

JOURNALISTIC DREAMS

The amateur journalist who is successful will not be a dreamer. Only one dream will be allowed to control his reason. That will be the dream of realizing his journalistic aspirations. He will endeavor to avoid any other dreams since they have a tendency to create sentimentimentality and listless indifference both of which are fatal to success.

There are many other pleasures that may seem more profitable to the amateur but he must not sacrifice his love of journalism for them. Always uppermost in his mind must be his determination to make his one dream come true. Then he will attain his coveted goal---the success that he sought so eagerly.

X-PN 4827 DRIFT-WEED 11-37 X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF
JUN 28 1945

DRIFT-WEED

AN AMATEUR JOURNAL

Number 1 November, 1937

Silhouettes

Frost-bitten, quivering at each transient breeze,
The grape vine droops beside the muddy shore;
The maples flaunt their vari-colored leaves
Against a background picturesquely traced
Across the shifting dunes of snowy sand;
The tassellated goldenrods are fanned
By winds that whisper, "Autumn is at hand,
The Summer's fragrant dawns are here no more."

WM. J. CLEMENCE

From A Quiet Corner

THIS paper is really an overflow from our Oct. issue of "After Hours." We find ourself with a little time at our disposal, so—

AS soon as an association or club begins to consider affiliation with another organization, it is preparing to grease the skids for a nice ride into the by-road of ebbing activity and eventual dissolution; especially when that other club, of clubs, are more or less dominated by custom and tradition. Each organization appeals to a certain

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DRIFTWOOD

Far flung along the channel of the creek,
Scattered bits of bleaching driftwood lie,
Discarded by swift, over burdened stream
Cast ruthlessly aside and left to dry.

Once they were useful members of some tree
What rude fortune brot them here and why?
Tossed carelessly about and flung aside
Rude, broken fragments of the past they lie.

By Leona Johnson.

US LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Vol. II *Spring, 1937* *No. 1*

NOCTURNE ● ● ● *by Rachel Murdock.*

A window wide open into the luring night,
I lean way out holding my soul in my two hands
A silver thing of slithering light,
Should I let it go forth in the night's lands?
White sprites, lips parted—
Their song yet buried in the earth's breast
Underneath the moon's sharp shadows
Strange fingers of wild plum fragrance
Slide over my chill soul's body—
Shall I play with the night in chance?
But night, you are an illusioner and a liar,
You'd twine me the way you wanted me,
My soul in my two hands, and should it go
When would it come back, ah me!

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JUN 28 1945

Dakota Dust

Winter, 1937

Volume One - Number Three

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Dakota Dust

Vol. 1 | April, 1937 | No. 4

The Golden Bottle Gun Fight

Old Dad Miller, basking in the comforting warmth of the crackling logs in the fireplace, gently packed tobacco in his pipe with a gnarled finger and turned to his two grandsons who were sprawled on a bear skin rug nearby.

"Boys," he addressed them in that slow western drawl of his, "did I ever tell you about the time I downed Bull McCoy in a gun fight?"

Bob, youngest of the two boys, sighed inwardly and glanced at his brother Jack, two years his senior. Their grandfather, who had come in from his ranch to spend a week with them in the city, was a confirmed story teller. At first

(Continued on page three.)

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

Dakota Dust

Vol. 2 June, 1937 No. 1

CAMERA CAPERS

By William Haywood

This is the first of a series of articles on photography for amateurs. Answers to your camera problems will be given in future articles. Address your questions to the editor in care of DAKOTA DUST.

Those possessing box cameras and small, inexpensive folding cameras are often discouraged by the thought that a better camera has a greater range. But the possibilities for unusual and interesting pictures need not be limited bo the lens of your camera. Rather are they limited by the photographer ---- he who cannot see around him a myriad of subjects.

Amateur lensmen in the cities have a range of material different from those in the country, and vice versa. The city-bound camera man wishes he were out in the open, filming attractive scenes, a brook winding among the rocks, a waterfall, cattle lying in the shade, the old red barn with its stack of hay, the shadow pattern of the corn-crib, birds nesting in the fields and trees. The scenes are endless, and vary with the day and season. Yes, here he would be happy, he is sure.

The cameraman on the farm spends a lot of time by the wishing well, but not snapping a picture of it. He's dreaming of those tall buildings in the sun, the big boats in the harbor, the city streets with their great and interesting throngs. He would take a lot of pictures there. Yes sir, there ho would catch a thousand different moods, an endless panorama of life. There would be pictures with human interest, a beggar receiving coins from well-dressed passersby, a group of children at play, pigeons in the park, countless views to capture the imagination.

But wherever he is, the photographer with a keen sense of ob-

(Continued on page four.)

★★ FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE ★★

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Dakota Dust

- *FICTION*
- *ESSAYS*
- *A. J. COMMENT*

AUGUST, 1937

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JUN 25 1945

GIFT

Dakota Dust

October, 1937

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1994

Dakota Dust

Volume Two | December, 1937 | Number Four

Camera Capers

By William Haywood

This is the fourth in a series of articles on photography for amateurs. Address your camera problems to the editor in care of DAKOTA DUST.

THERE are several different kinds of magazines that are devoted to photography, and you can learn a lot about your favorite hobby from any of them. But perhaps you have been buying one and then another in an effort to decide which one is best for you. Getting all of them is the obvious solution to a problem of this kind, but ir is as well a prohibitive one because of the cost. We have seen most of them from time to time, but we have yet to purchase one regularly, as we have our own system of learning things photographically.

We study pictures. The weekly roto sections, picture magazines, and pictures received in exchange with other amateurs are all studied carefully. We examine composition, exposure, lighting, and othe factors, then make our own experiments with these in mind. If we can get a report of the exposure, aperture, and lighting with each picture, so much the better. Comparison of our own photos with otheis often proves advantageous.

There are even more different kinds of cameras on the market than there are photography magazines. We wouldn't make an attempt to tell you which one to buy, any more than we can tell you which car to buy. It depends entirely on the taste and wealth of the individual. If you contemplate the purchase of a camera, you must first consider several questious. Most important is that of the variety of pictures you expect to take. The greater the range of the camera you want, the more you can get out of it, but if you are only going to take outdoor shots in bright sunlight, you are wasting money on an expensive camera. The size of picture you demand is another factor to remember. The type of camera, be it a box or folding type, is to be considered in each case, but this is of less importance. Finally, the price is to be carefully determined. The prices depend upon the types of lenses and shutters, as these two determine the scope of your camera. The more you demand of your camera the greater amount you will have to spend for it. Think it out very carefully, and examine several types before you buy one. A camera depreciates in value once it is used.

[Continued on next page.]

DRIFTWOOD 1938

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1949

DRIFTWOOD

"Into the quartered firewood,
The ancient trunk shall go;
I'll count my treasures while I dream
Before the fire—glow."

Vol. III *Spring, 1938* *Copy 1*

PEACE GARDEN

When Nature in expansive mood
Fashioned the hills and valleys fair
She took a strip of woodland rude,
And built a lovely garden there.

She mingled with it's hills and brakes
A host of sparkling, joyous lakes;
And planted shrubs and flowers rare
With eager lips to drink the air,
Then with skilled and practised hand
She scattered out abroad the land
A host of merry, carefree birds
To sing of Peace—no need of words,
This done she set the spot apart,
And placed it in the very heart
Of a great land. With labor spent
She rested then and was content.

Garden of Peace! In thy calm walks
May harrassed lands find sure release
And learn in thy dim, cool retreat
The lessons of goodwill and peace!

-Leona Johnson.

X-PN 4827 #17 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

The DIPLOMAT

"A dreamer lives forever,
A toiler dies in a day."

Vol. I *Autumn, 1938* *No. 1*

WHEN

By Thelma Maynard Plumer

When you've climbed to the top of your weary way
And have paused to rest at the close of day,
Your thoughts drift out toward oblivion sweet
And you think of the many friends you'll greet.

When serenely and bravely you've trod alone,
And the way seemed long for you're sad for home,
When skies stretch far their shadowless view
And the glories beyond fill the soul of you.

When the grandeur of heaven banishes gray
And the peace in your soul drives all fear away,
When your heart grows light with peace sublime,
Then you'll welcome the exit of life's long climb.

O'ER A STONE WALL

By Charlotte F. Dakin-White

O'er a stone wall
    The branches peep.
Bereft of leaves
    They soon will sleep
Until the first warm days of spring
When birds begin to chirp and sing.
Then they'll awake
    And with new vigor
    Put forth rich life
And grow much bigger.
Will dress themselves
    In shades of green ---
The loveliest shades
    You've ever seen.

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THE DISTAFF

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
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APR 29 1944

Spring Nineteen hundred thirty eight

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GIFT
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THE DISTAFF

Spring Nineteen hundred thirty eight

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
JUN 28 1940

Dust Drifts

No. 1 1939

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

We are constantly hearing about the "great American custom". Americans are odd people . . . they like sports, big celebrations, and, among other things, the freedom of speech. The average newspaper is a great institution. Everyone reads the papers. Some may like the comic strips; others, especially the grown-ups, like to read of foreign events and happenings of national importance. Younger people, boys in particular, like the sports pages while the women of the family prefer the society page or something pertaining to the art of home-

(Con't, on Page 4)

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The Distaff

PR 29 1944

Winter Number 1939 Vol. 2 No. 1

#22

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 23 1949
DATE ... GIFT

THE DIAMOND NEWS

VOLUME ONE NUMBER NINE TUESDAY,SEPTEMBER 10

INDIANS WON; BLUE SOX 2ND

DINNER TO BE GIVEN TO TRIBE

JACK MacDONALD TO SPEAK AT AFFAIR.

The 1940 Diamond League season has come to its close and it finds the Hempstead Indians the winners. Lodged far down in the second division at the outset of activities this year,the tribe stuck together through the hectic days of the summer and put one stretch drive that netted them the pennant.

Jack Bartle announced at last week' meeting that a dinner will be given to the Indians by the League and that small gold plated baseballs will be awarded to each member of the winning tribe. While the dinner will not be large enough to rent the Astor roof or any other such thing,it will be a little shindig where the League can get together. An extra added attraction is the statement by Jack Bartle that he can secure Jack MacDonald,head coach at Hofstra,to present the trophies. We can only depend on Jack's word as to the veracity of this statement.

In this race the Indians proved that if you stick to a job long enough,you can succeed. They started out with a mediocre to poor nine, and played ragged ball in the first couple of months. Then they added a few new members to pep up the team and they started their drive. With Red Reese and Walt Dovinski dividing the hurling,they overtook the remaining teams and climaxed their drive by clinching the flag in the last day of the playing season.

And so we say,"Hats off to the winners!" The Indians-Reese and Dovinski,pitchers. Lawrence,and George Fairweather,catchers, Assip,Hake,B. Tow,Helme,Pollard,Wolf, infielders. G.Tow,Lagakis,Patterson,Willoz,outfielders.

.....

FINAL STANDINGS ON BACK PAGE ....

THE DOPE SHEET

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JULY, 1941

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944
X-PN 4827

REHASHING THE N. A. P. A. CONVENTION

The oldest of old timers can and will testify that the 66th annual convention of the National Amateur Press Association, held in Cleveland over the July 4 week-end, was one of the best handled and most successful of the long series, as well as one of the best attended. Let it be recorded that the committee was headed by Warren J. Brodie, honorary chairman; Harry E. Martin, chairman, and Helm Spink, secretary-treasurer. Conceding that the hotel itself did not meet the requirements of a few of the members, the range of room prices was such that it did specially serve the younger and less affluent amateurs—which should be the primary consideration. The wealthy and prominent always have been able to look out for themselves. Our compliments to the committee! Also the Weatherman!

* * *

One of the special pleasures of this member was that of visiting that long-time shrine of Amateur Journalists—the quarters of Warren Brodie in The Arcade. One of the results of that visit was the acquisition of a partial file of that organ of controversy during the early days of the century—"The Shillalah." The source of this publication has been the occasion for even more controversy than the contents, and it is nice to know that both Brodie and Tim Thrift have a perfect alibi—or have they? The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy was mild compared to this one, and it is to be hoped that the posthumous papers of some Amateur will make the matter even clearer than mud. By that time, however, it may be that no one will give a ding.

* * *

Remember Amateur Journalists Day at the World's Fair in St. Louis? You don't, hey? Al Fingulin says he has a picture taken of a group at that Fair in 1904—with this Amateur included—and that he's going to print it before long. We'd like to know how we looked then—there seems to be considerable controversy as to whether we have improved in the interim—or the reverse. That will settle it. At least two feminine AJ's have expressed theirselves—we won't quote them.

* * *

One of the things we remember the mostest about the St. Louis event was the financing of it. You have just one guess as to who put all but a few dollars of the some $150 that the display cost. That, we believe, is where the expression, "Fall Guy", originated. A less harrowing incident was being asked by the "Post-Dispatch" to write a column of report on the "Day". (We've done better reportorial jobs since, and got paid for them.

* * *

The Cleveland Amateurs don't know how near they came to having the "Dope Sheet" man on their hands for the balance of their natural lives. It seems that the conductor on the New York Central took up the wrong half of the round trip ticket after putting a couple of punches in the other one. The error was not noticed until we were going down the stairs to the train. Fortunately, we were early and everyone was helpful—must be a habit in Cleveland.

* * *

The little group who went out to the Knacks on Sunday will remember that as one of the pleasant interludes. We gave Mrs. Knack our recipe for making cocoa—she didn't use it at the time, but doubtless she will be glad to pass on the information to eager inquirers. It was in the nature of a revolutionary discovery. Revolutions have started on less.

* * *

Tony Moitoret—toastmaster par excellence—put in a bid for the 1942 convention, and it would have been a wonderful idea if it weren't for what transportation costs are likely to be next summer. Ohio seems to be about the geographical center of Amateur Journalism—judging from the attendance in Cleveland—but they can't be expected to take it every year. If in 1943 this is still a free and independent nation, serious consideration should be given to some city in the Far West.

* * *

It is amazing that one from the Gibraltar of the English language, the fountain-head of culture, and himself one of its chief exponents, should have been guilty of referring to Edith Miniter's popovers as "muffins". If it weren't for my aversion to the pun I'd say that Ed Cole muffed it in his reference to the good old days in The Hub. Conceivably, it is because of this descent from the sublime to the ridiculous that the convention in its wisdom, despite the pleadings of Mr. Cole—and with the deciding vote cast by this editor upon being offered a bingo ticket by Vincent Haggerty—transferred the 1942 convention from Boston to New York. There was, too, the reflection that all the work of planning the convention would fall upon Edward, possibly causing him to go home and abuse his wife and daughter—as is the custom of distraught husbands—and in the last analysis the blame would fall upon us for casting the deciding vote for the home of the Sacred Cod.

* * *

This may be construed as a criticism of Burton Crane. It is conceivable that someone resembling Betty Dosser might be interested enough to go several hundred miles to attend a convention of the National Amateur Press Association without being sufficiently interested to qualify as a voter in the convention, but it is not conceivable that so enthusiastic an Amateur as Burton could permit a member of his own organization to fail to qualify for participation.

* * *

There have been other conventions at which amateur papers have been gotten out to chronicle

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#35

Number 2 **DUET** *Dec., 1942*

"Life is an itching and a scratching"--Socrates

From North-East To Far-East

Oh, how I long to see again the red
Roofs show above the lush white snow of Maine,
To be there when the work of day is done, when bread,
Cool milk, and tasy food are lain
Upon the friendly supper table,
Encircled by my friends, my family,
And relatives. Proudly, now I'm able
To defend my country on land or sea.
Today as yesterday I see the same
Rough, winding trails through giant Banyan trees.
Who doesn't know of gallant Bataan's fame--
The noble fight on Asia's many seas?
From snow to dust! It's all the same to me
If all this loss will keep our country free.

—RICHARD G. ADAMS.

DUET

#26

First Issue Yellow Springs, Ohio September, 1942

WHG

It was a sad day for me last winter when I learned that Antioch College was going on a speeded-up basis immediately with a summer session. I had long planned to attend the New York convention of the National and was looking forward to three months filled with amateur journalistic activity. As an added pleasure, there was to be the AAPA convention in despatead the end of August. But then the war suddenly came and the plans of many other people besides myself were changed, and some far more tragically. For me it only meant starting college three months earlier than planned, but I still regret having missed the NAPA convention and hope that nothing will happen to prevent me from attending the Springfield meeting in 1943.

One of the odd coincidences that popped up during the first few days in college was the knowledge that my roommate, Dick Adams, is a former member of the National. As you can see from the adjoining column, he's rejoined the association and I think that this new period of membership will prove more fruitful than the last.

Other odd things keep coming up. One fellow I met on the train riding out here knew James Morton and James Gabelle prior to their deaths. Another boy in the hall above is acquainted with Byron David Mack, the very first amateur journalist I ever met in the period when I was active in the AAPA.

After a few weeks of getting accustomed to my college work it seems reasonable for me to be able to have some time for amateur journalism. I am keeping up all my correspondence and am always eager to hear from other amateur journalists. In casting about for a method of continuing publication of an amateur paper while in college I have found several possibilities, of which this mimeographed sheet is the most immediate. Bart Fedrick let me turn out a little broadside the first few weeks I was here (which he did most of the work on) and has offered the further use of his press, but it would be rather inconvenient as I am not able to get into Springfield more than twice a month. The possibility of importing a small hand-press into my room has also occurred, and there is a good chance of my doing this in the fall. Besides this, the college has a good assortment of large head types which I might use and no doubt I could do my compositing in the Antiochian office.

One of the first things I did was to get in touch with the Springfielders when I got here and since the first week of July I have been over there several times. I naturally miss the once so frequent meetings with amateurs around New

RGA

When Bill Grossman asked me to renew my membership to the NAPA, I hesitated for two reasons: One was that I never have been able to write and two that I haven't got my press at college. However, those were feeble excuses so I agreed to pay my dues and be admitted to the association if it would have me.

My interest in printing started when I was about nine years old. My parents, thinking my interest a passing fancy, would not give me a press, but as my enthusiasm for the hobby grew rather than declined, I finally received my first press. That was in 1934. My equipment consisted of an old Kelsey press with a 2x3 chase and several old fonts of six point type, and a tube of very dry ink. Being of the type that will never ask questions, I started printing with no idea of what I was doing but gradually learning by experience. In the spring of 1935 I issued my first paper, THE LIBERTY NEWS, a humble little sheet that couldn't be read and had nothing to offer -- but, my, was I proud of it!!

I was overjoyed when my Uncle offered me his press which was larger than mine and certainly in better condition. I had gotten the knack of printing by then and was finally able to put out a respectable paper as any other thirteen year old boy could. Most of THE LIBERTY NEWS was set in 20th Century Expanded (10 pt) with a miscellaneous assortment of 6, 10, 12, and 14 point here and there. I had great fun buying type but all the 20th century, which I am very proud of, and I think is an excellent all around face, was given to me by Walter Billig, editorial writer of the New York Herald Tribune.

It has always been a source of amusement to me when I think how far one's literary or publishing efforts can go astray. THE LIBERTY NEWS had a paid subscription of about fifty. One of my subscribers was a good friend of my father's and was secretary of the New York Stock Exchange. I had visited the exchange and had written a short childish impression of the place which I printed in my paper. My friend showed a copy of THE LIBERTY NEWS to Charles R. Gay, President of the Stock Exchange, and was much impressed by it. Somehow, via other people, a copy got into the hands of Burton Crane, financial editor of the New York Times as you all know. Mr. Crane wrote me a letter encouraging me to join the NAPA. I became interested and soon joined. In the meantime that copy of THE LIBERTY NEWS had reached one of the shelves of the New York Public Library.

Well, there I was--a member, in fact, the youngest member of the NAPA and I had not the faintest idea what I had to do--so I did nothing, with the result that I was secretary and [illegible] Billig [illegible]

APR 1 1942

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The DRAFT

VOLUME I MAY, 1942 NUMBER 1

They're Not So Tame

By GERALD HANES
(Co. "D", 504th M. P. Battalion, Fort Sam Huston, Texas)

WHILE Most of you undoubtedly have some fixed opinion on the subject, I'd like to mention a few things about conscientious objectors.

First of all, I admire any fellow who has firm enough convictions to take a stand against entering the army. When a man is as well known as Actor Lew Ayres, it is even harder for him to declare his beliefs.

Conscientious objectors in Civilian Public Service camps are not cowards! Many times their duties are harder than those of the average soldier. A report from a fellow in my church, in C. P. C. No. 14, says that they work fifty-five hours a week. Six of his number are leaving for London soon, to do rescue and rehabilitation work in the bombed areas. It is said that the life-expectancy of boys in these front-line jobs is less than the seven minutes of actual combat of the R. A. F. pilots. Eight more are scheduled to do civilian ambulance and rescue work on the Burma Road.

We are all—armed forces, C. P. C. camps, and Civilian Defense workers—needed in this fight for victory; and, God willing, We'll come out on top!

VVVVVVVVVV

Paint me a picture of glory,
Of glory deserved and true—
And the very soul of your painting
Will live long after you!
—From "A Letter to An Artist"
By LAURENCE ESTES.

VVVVVVVVVV

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the dimout

I AM AN AMERICAN!!

Number One September, 1942

JIM - NOT SCW!

Helen A. Vivarttas, the All-American Co-ed, preaches not to flirt with the Napa. She says that divided loyalty is divided activity. This was in July.

One month later she endorses Sheldon Wesson, one of the most prominent politicians in the rival association, for the office of printing and publishing manager of our organization. Wesson is also the treasurer of the Napa.

Why do we have to go out of the Aapa for our officers? Sure, Wesson is a member of the American and is entitled to run for

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the dimout

will be here for the duration of the war!

Number Two November, 1942

Thumbing through the pages . . .

WESSON JOINS ARMY, OUT OF RACE

CONVINCE YOURSELF

OPINION OF THE OPINION

BUNDLE BLABBER

FIRE IN PRINTSHOP

THE DIMOUT is a vociferous, pestful outburst issued forth to show others how lousey one can print by that typographical nincompoop, Paul Jackson, who put it in type, pied it, set it again and printed it in his printshop at 510 Riverside Boulevard, Long Beach, New York.

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RECKLESS RALPH'S

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Four consecutive insertions for the price of three.

Vol. 12 December 1943 No. 135

1943 Christmas Greetings

FAIR ENOUGH

Westbrook Pegler

Taken from Worcester Telegram and Evening Gazette, 10-25-43

New York, Oct. 25.—In my daily reading of the comic-strip detectives and my occasional quarter-hours with the spies and counter-spies of the radio, I have noticed resemblance to the verboten literature of my youth. Nick Carter, the King Brady's, old and young, and Old Sleuth live again under other names and their resurrection is a puzzling thing because 30-odd years ago when their adventures were appearing weekly in the nickel editions and monthly in the 15-cent sizes which gave you more wordage and at least three desperate predicaments instead of one, this was strictly juvenile entertainment, scored by the elders and by most of the formally forbidden to the young. Parents seized these works when they could find them and put them in the stove, teachers confiscated them on sight and boys were popularly supposed to sneak away to the barn to keep up in their reading, although that was just a way of putting it. Girls, so far as I know, took no interest in such tales.

Beat Edgar Hoover

The parents' theory was that these stories would put criminal ideas into the heads of their young but that could have been just a superstition arising from ignorance for, in justice to the memory of those fine, fearless men who bravely strode the rough pages of such prints, I wish to say that they were implacable foes of the evildoers who called them into being. Many a time, I personally, read where Nick Carter called some scoundrel a dirty rat or a skunk and all such as that, right to his face, and they were all incorruptable and never failed to get their man. Long before J. Edgar Hoover implored our press to de-glamorize the criminal and to heroize the agents of the law, these authors of my youth were depicting the robber and kidnappers as fiends in human form and the detectives as the sum of all the virtues. I believe young King Brady didn't even smoke cigarettes, an example which, unfortunately, was wasted on many young members of his public, already experimenting with corn silk and lilly stems.

The revivals, or reincarnations, of today are not addressed to adolescents but to the adult public and of both sexes, moreover and I am surprised and feel a warm sense of vindication in my own early taste, to observe that the grown-up people of today are eating it up. I might say too, that if I remember correctly, our stories were better, for I do not recall any loose ends or outrageous impositions on probability or the reader's credulity, whereas nowadays in some of the adventure comics and radio dramas there are usually details which are not solved satisfactorily. Sometimes the

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Vol. 11 September 1943 No. 132

THE CIRCUS IS COMING TO TOWN

Gather 'round kids, while you hear the good news,
Of the circus that's coming to town;
There'll be lions and tigers and gorgeous revues,
While an elephant sits on a clown.

It's on Monday, and Tuesday and Wednesday this week,
The tents will be blaring with flags,
Out at Beaverbrook Playground, down by the creek,
With peanuts and tightropes and gags.

Don't you dare drive to see the great show,
For it's pleasure and no dire need;
But see it you must, and get there you may,
By trolley, for that's no misdeed.

They're marked 24; on Main Street they're found,
From the courthouse to Chandler street;
You go out to Park, having boarded southbound,
Walk a block, to a super-top treat.

So get ready, kids 'n everybody, for the summers best time,
When the big top goes up for you here;
The trolley's will take you for only a dime,
And the O. P. A. won't interfere.

Come see Ringling Bros. & Barnum Bailey
Greatest and Biggest Show on earth.
At Worcester, Mass., U. S. A., July 26, 27 and 28th,
Come one, come all, for it'll be your worth.

By Worcester Street Railway Co.
And Worcester Telegram & Evening Gazette.

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#32

D — U — E — T

Number 3. July, 1944.

Amateuria

While walking stockade guard recently I kept myself awake by considering the prospects for amateur journalism in the post-war period and came to the conclusion that they are highly encouraging. The interest in the hobby that has been shown by such members as Morris Gerber, Wes Wise, and Charles Hoye who have issued their journals while overseas leads one to believe that in the ranks of the amateurs in uniform can be found the promise of a post-war surge in amateur journalism.

Politically the men in uniform represent many future Presidents and Official Editors for the National. Their love for the hobby has not waned; at times it has been hampered, but somehow our Babcocks and our Wessons have managed to keep the flame alive.

In Australia the re-emergence of active amateur journalists is a pleasant thing to view. If it can be continued and the amateurs of Great Britain awaken from their lethargy, then we may be able to make an International Amateur Press Association a reality in a post-war world of rapid overseas mail service.

Edwin Hadley Smith may have been all that some have accused him of being at various times, yet his passing serves to emphasize the debt that amateur journalism must forever owe him. Today there are others to carry on, but if not for Hadley Smith and Vincent Haggerty the National might well have become a dead letter fifeen years ago.

It is the library of Amateur Journalism, however, that must always maintain a memorial to the man who created it. Edwin Hadley Smith has preserved for future generations the greatest collection of amateuria in existence. Some may know little of the sacrifices in health and money that he made for the sake of his wonderful collection, but whenever I get down to the Benjamin Franklin Memorial in Philadelphia and view the bound volumes that represent so many years of effort, my mind will go back to a hungry man in Brooklyn going thru the winter of 1904 without an overcoat while he sorted the nucleus of what was to be amateurdom's greatest repository of its past.

Edwin Hadley Smith was one of the great amateurs of our time. In his passing a gap has been made that we will find virtually impossible to fill.

Perhaps the most favorable thing about amateur journalism these last few years has been the revival of interest in the hobby among old-timers. With Anthony Moitoret this does not exactly hold as he has not been in a petrified state. Yet his **Tick Tock** is a welcome journal and one that

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Vol. 13 November 1944 No. 146

"SHERLOCK HOLMES"

by Robert H. Smeltzer

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is "in again," so to speak; fact is he will live forever in his books and the reviews of same; from time to time; the study of the man, as all great men are studied, dissected, and each reviewer has a different way of putting down his impressions! also Doyle's novels have been, for the most "detective" tales. Conan Doyle's reputation stands upon his creation of a character known thruout the reading world—"SHERLOCK HOLMES."

As we all know, Sir Conan was an Englishman. At times his stories appeared in paper covers; not in any way disparaging the greatness of our subject, for Charles Dickens, another famous English writer had his works printed both in paper covers and bound volumes; Sir Conan's stories, dressed up in the lurid covers of the golden dime novel era; even published serially from week to week, would be some to prize; giving credit for worthy effort to the cover artists.

To deviate at this point; that is one thing which has always hurt me more than a little; that we dime novel devotees do not, and at this late date, cannot know who the artists were; also be able to know them, as we do most of the outstanding writers of the D. N.

There is always a thrill as one settles down on an evening; especially if the night is stormy and the indoors bright and cozy. What a host of detective heroes parade their adventures on the pages of the dime novels which we prize and many times reread; American heroes, for instance, Nick Carter, Old Cap Collier, Old King Brady, Old Broadbrim, Young Broadbrim, and the Old Cap Collier Library, with the various "gum shoe sleuths"; Larry Murtagh, Gideon Gault; Clear Grit, the Invincible, Old Search, Slocum the Ferret, Old Ironnerves, Calvert Cole, Kinduke, the Daring, Young Dillon, Rody Rogan, V Spot, Dave Dotson, and others.

What inspired me to jot down my thoughts and feelings on the detective story in general is that I have before me "torn out" pages from a magazine, which I am certain, but not sure, are from a recent copy of "LIFE." Profusely illustrated with cuts, which are a treat to gaze upon; for instance, a copy of "Beeton's Christmas Annual." (a paper-cover), the story being "A Study in Scarlet"; first picture of Holmes in a "flat topped" derby, with magnifying glass and sideburns; Sherlock Holmes, with his fore an aft cap and his famous pipe; Holmes as a college student; Watson (Holmes' devoted servant) and Holmes spot their man in a "hansom on Regent Street in the "Hounds of the Baskervilles."

"The Most Dangerous Man in London" was Holmes' description of Professor James Moriarty; death struggle of Holmes and Moriarty depicted on a lonely Alpine cliff.

On the stage; as I well remember; William Gillette fitted perfectly into the role of Sherlock Holmes. He has Moriarty at bay, with a pointed pistol; and his terms were short and sweet; I can spare five minutes if you have anything to say.

Sherlock Holmes' Cultists have fun

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Vol. 13 October 1944 No. 145

BARRED BY THE POST OFFICE

by Ralph P. Smith

How, from time to time, the decisions of the Postmaster-General have been responsible for many changes in the appearance of many dime novels, is a subject on which a book could easily be written. I will try to hit the high spots in this article, particularly stressing the important decisions that changed the make up of nickel libraries.

When the Saturday Evening Post was selling for a nickel, and some issues weighed as much as two pounds, you may have wondered how such a small selling price was possible, when you found it cost you sixteen cents to mail an issue to a friend. The answer to that is found in the Postal Laws and Regulations, whereby, if a publisher complies with certain specifications, his publication was allowed to be entered as "second-class matter." Under this classification, the publisher mailed copies to subscribers in bulk. No stamps were used. The entire edition was weighed and the publisher paid, in those days, one cent a pound on the entire lot, and the postoffice distributed the copies to each subscriber. This small rate was available only to the publishers and their agents, and was only allowed them as long as they lived up to the rules.

These rules, briefly and not completely given here, were as follows: (1) There must be an actual list of a number of paid up subscribers. (2) It must be issued with mechanical regularity, a specified date for each issue. (3) It must contain literature, news, or be devoted to some practical business or hobby. (4) It must comply with the Postal Law as regards the illegality of mailing obscene matter; matter tending to incite to murder, arson, abortion, assassination, or other immoral practices.

It has been stated that to lose the privilege of mailing under second-class entry, will put a magazine out of business. Naturally, for example, the Post could not afford to pay sixteen cents to mail a five cent magazine; yet that is what would happen if they lost their second-class privilege. At the present time, Esquire, whose postage bill was over $100,000, has been denied the use of second-class mailing, and it is said that it will cost them nearly $400,000 as a result. Incidently, the Postmaster-General ruled that the pictures in Esquire were obscene or indecent, in banning the magazine from second-class privileges. This is debatable, as there are always two sides to the "art" question; some people claiming a nude is indecent; others that a nude is simply a form of art, expressing beauty. This is not in my province. Sufficient to say that one man — the Postmaster General — has the power to decide.

Postmasters-General change with the same frequency as holders of all political positions. Sometimes depending on the President, and sometimes on a change of party in power, and sometimes from death or resignation. Every time a new one comes to the throne, it is his personal likes and dislikes, his beliefs and desires, that dictate to all publishers what can and cannot be printed in so far as he wishes to enforce or interpret the postal rules and regulations.

At the turn of the Century, we had the peculiar situation of books being

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Vol. 12 August 1944 No. 143

PAWNEE BILL
Another Friend of Mine

by Gilbert Patten
"Burt L. Standish"
Writer of the Frank and Dick Merriwell Stories

While still a very young boy I read one of Beadle's Half-dime Libraries about Pawnee Bill. It was written by Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, who, years later, became my comrade and "pard" in that Mecca of my heart's desire, Little Old New York. But in none of my boyhood dreams of long ago had I ever imagined I would meet and become friendly with Major Gordon W. Lillie, which was the real name of the daring young hero of Ingraham's yarn. However, to my great pleasure, such was my destiny after I also became a successful author of half-dime stories.

I was spending a season at my summer home in Camden, Maine, busily engaged at my vocation, when Pawnee Bill's Wild West Exhibition was billed to appear at Rockland, eight miles away. This was after Major Lillie and Bill Cody had dissolved partnership in the show business, each going his own way with his outfit of plainsmen, Indians, cowboys and dare devil rough riders. But although Pawnee Bill's show was on a much smaller scale than Cody's, it was a furiously fascinating spectacle, romantically portraying some features of frontier life. Naturally I did not muff a chance to behold it.

My work preventing me from attending the daylight performance, I was on hand, with my wife, to take in the after-dark show. Arriving at the field where the canvas tents were pitched near a railroad crossing, I led my lady round through throngs of people streaming toward the entrance to the large show-tent, and found my way to the dressing tent at the rear. At an entrance to that tent I handed my visiting card to a guard, requesting him to take it to Major Lillie without delay. On the card I had written, "A friend of Col. Prentiss Ingraham."

Requesting me to wait there, the guard hurried away and returned soon with an invitation to follow him.

Within the dressing tent, which was connected with the show tent by a canvas-curtained passage, there was a confusion of men and beasts; cowboys, scouts, riders of many descriptions in picturesque paraphernalia, and fantastically painted almost-naked Indians, were preparing to mount restless, fiery horses at a word of command. In the midst of this seeming confusion, which actually was of a most orderly nature, I found myself face to face with a somewhat smallish but distinctly striking person, whose long hair fell upon the collar of a fringed buckskin jacket. Beside him stood a smiling comely lady, also young and of striking appearance, likewise attired for riding in distinctively Western style.

Pawnee Bill gripped my hand. "Delighted to meet you, Patten old son," he said, smiling. Any friend of Colonel Ingraham is my friend. This is my wife, Mae Lillie."

Hat in hand, I salammed, then introduced my wife.

"We are going in for the Grand Entrance right away," said Pawnee, and you and your lady must go with

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THE FOURTH

INDEPENDENCE DAY

RECKLESS RALPH'S

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Vol. 12 July, 1944 No. 142

THE DUVAL SERIES
by George H. Cordier

Not the least interesting of the many series published in the days of Dime Novel glory, was The Claude Duval Series, which first appeared in England, and then was republished in this country. First by the Robert M. De Witt Publishing Co., and then in the very early numbers of the Wide Awake Library. The date of the first appearance of the series in the United States as published by the De Witt Co. was 1860. Then, exactly eighteen years later, in 1878, it was reissued by the Tousey Pub. Co. in the very first number of the above mentioned library. The Series was highly popular, and deservedly so, by reason of its charm of style and the highly interesting, not to say sensational nature of the contents of its many volumes. Before he goes any further the writer will give a list of the entire Series, which will convey some idea of the thrilling and picturesque character of the many incidents that give life and color to the narrative of the exploits of the dashing highwayman—Claude Duval.

1 Gentleman Jack
2 Jack and His Bride
3 Dare Devil Dick
4 Grace Manning
5 Renegade Gipsy
6 Highwayman's Stratagem
7 Ride For Life
8 Claude's Last Battle
9 Black Bess
10 Claude In His Dungeon
11 Struggle For Life
12 Claude In a Convent
13 Claude and the Abbess
14 Duval and the Duchess
15 Claude to the Rescue
16 Death to the Traitor
17 Duval In Newgate
18 Highwayman's Bride
19 Rosa Bell
20 Duval in a Duel
21 Lucy Thornton
22 Claude Captured
23 The Cask of Gold
24 Moonlight Jack
25 Duval Denounced
26 Claude in the Cave
27 Luke the Lurker
28 Duval at Bay

We will now proceed to give some account of Duval the original, the time in which he lived, and the darling nature of his deeds. Duval was born in France but early in life removed to England where he soon acquired a great reputation by reason of his bold and dashing character, and his claim to being a gentleman, notwithstanding his real status as an outlaw at war with society, with a price set upon his head. Those who have perused the domestic annals of England from the time of Charles the Second, to the early years of the fourth George must have had their attention very often called to the frequency of highway robberies on all

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

APR 29 1944

Dedication

To Richard R. Kevern

X-PN 4827 #38

My latest lists up to date 1943-44.
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X-PN 482

The DEMAREST NEWS

VOL. 2 NO. 6 OCTOBER 1944 PRICE TWO CENTS

LOCAL BOYS DECORATED AND PROMOTED

SCHOOL FACULTY

The Demarest News extends heartiest greetings and best wishes to the new members of the school faculty. They are Mrs. Alma Hulsart, principal eighth grade teacher; Miss Shirley Saeger, fifth and sixth grade teacher, and Miss Ruth Richmond, third and fourth grade teacher.

Best wishes and hearty greetings are also extended to the other members of the school. Miss Josephine Pelikan, seventh grade teacher, and Mrs. Etta Æckberg.

8th GRADE CLUB

The class of 1945 organized with officers as follows: Bobby Greene, President; Catherine Clancy, Vice-President; Jean Walker, Secretary; Donny Lanigan, Treasurer. They are all looking forward to a better and successful year.

SAFETY PATROL

Safety officers for the month of September are: Charles Schlemm, Captain; Janet Willett, 1st Lieutenant; Henry Witt, 2nd Lieutenant. Patrolmen: Doris Rencken Arlene Carle Robert Haring, Bruce Thomas, Jean Walker, Rose Mauro, Arthur Griffin, Laura Lowe, Jane Phillips, and Catherine Clancy.

First Lieutenant John C. Morton, navigator on an Eighth Air Force B-17 Flying Fortress, has been presented the third Oak Leaf Cluster to the Air Medal for "meritorious achievement" while participating in heavy bombing assault on vital Nazi targets in Europe and in support of advances by the ground troops in France. The presentation was made by Colonel Karl Truesdell Jr.

Lieut. Morton is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Morton of Hardenburgh Ave.

.....

Word has been received by Mrs. Frederick W. Hanle, of Anderson Ave., that her husband has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant (j. g.) near Chungking, China, where he is stationed. Lieutenant Hanle is an optometrist, and practiced in Englewood.

REQUEST NAMES FOR SERVICEMEN

Mrs. Jane Nygren, head of the War Service Committee, requests the correct names and addresses of the service men and women not later than October 1st to send Christmas Greetings which must be sent to those in service by October 20th.

NEWSPAPER WEEK

National Newspaper Week is celebrated from October 1st to October 8th. It is well to remember that Freedom of the Press is still with us and that newspapers both great and small have done their share in bringing the news of the world to your door.

PICK PODS SAVE LIVES

X-PN 4567 [illegible]

DUST PRINTS

VOL 1 APRIL N 2

EVERYBODY GOES THROUGH!!

At four o clock June 5th, 1924, a father was walking up and down a room at 705 NW 2nd Street, Abilene, Kansas. At 4:10, the doctor came out off the room and shook his head. Curses, it had to be a boy when the parents wanted a girl!!

What to name him was really a task. They finally decided to call the new-comer Howard. Weighing him was easy and he tipped the beam at 7 pounds. Only 1 foot 8 inches in height, this freak took his first step at the age of 12 months. Some of the first speeches he made ran something like this: Dit.Stot- Book. Cookie— Ginky and Tucky out. HAY! What am I saying anyhow?!

HELP BOOST THE A.A.P.A.

X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

DUST DRIFTS

VOL 1 MAY NO. 3

MY COOKEY DUSTER

Once I had a cookey duster
It was a gorgeous thing.
I used it morning - noon - and night
To brush away the grains.

Some folks call it a soup strainer
But I think they're all wrong,
Because I do not eat said soup
My duster is not that long.

I owe the barber
For a shave I did not get,
And when the barber chair was graced.
The charge was 50 cents a clip.

Continued on page 4

PN4827 #42

GATOR GROWL

VOLUME 3 THONOTOSASSA, FLORIDA JANUARY, 1945 NUMBER 8

Word Sketch Number 3

ROY LEE BARRON, JR.

The only amateur journalist that this writer has ever met is the subject of this month's Word Sketch. Roy Lee Barron, Jr., product of tropical Miami, is tall, thin, and 17. Measuring approximately six feet plus one inch, he weighs in the vicinity of 150 lbs. Roy has blonde hair and brown eyes. He has four sisters, no brothers. Getting an early start in the newspaper business, he began publishing The West Little River Times in 1939. Along with the rest of "The Fla. Boy Editors" he was recruited into the AAPA by Bill Bradfield in early 1942. Being quite a correspondent in those days, he wrote 8 letters per day. Barron has served as Clubs & Chapters Mgr., 1st Vice President, and recently ran unsuccessfully for Secretary. Recently I heard that Roy was on vacation in Tennessee, resting before entering the service. Just the other day a card came from this unpredictable fellow, saying that he's now working on a Johnson City, Tenn. newspeper. "30"

A column of opinion and news-items

Editorials

Entirely too many journals in recent bundles have carried little or no Ajay content. A number are cluttered with ads, and some seem to consist of items taken from other publications. School and town papers that have no relation in the least to the AAPA are out of place in the bundles. Gabby Gabaree, way over in India, says; "I think legislation should be passed prohibiting circulars and big papers with no aj content to despoil our bundles. All papers should have at least one article--not necessarily aj comment--but something to read. Papers with ads should be taxed and not just given a hint to contribute to the mailing fund. Papers of heavy content without ads should be advised to at least contribute to the mailing bureau." That makes sense to this editor. How about you?

WANTED: Early editions of the Gator Growl. They're needed for members who have requested them...Ed.

The article "Ancient Shoeperstitions" by Joe Gudonis was obtained from the Manuscript Bureau.

FLASH! On January 3rd, Lieutenant Sheldon C. Wesson, accompanied by Helen, reported for duty at Camp Blanding, Florida.

THE GATOR GROWL IS EDITED & PUBLISHED BY LELAND M. HAWES, JR., THONOTOSASSA, FLORIDA

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

D O V E O F P E A C E

Vol. 1 Jim Buckian COPY

Editor and Publisher INT

Circle Ridge, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

A S O L D I E R S P E A K S

By Doris Ubbelohde

Twenty-one years ago, I died for
a worthy cause,
Killed by a bomb in the Great War.
For twenty-one years I rested
peacefully,
Secure in the knowledge that I had
given all
For the country I love so well.
For twenty-one years I have dreamed
in peace,
But now--what has awakened me?
From far off I hear a groan--
It is the agony of all the men who
died with me,
They too, have wakened from their
sleep,
We have heard the subdued murmurs
of the masses,
To our ears has come the unrest,
The petty quarrels, the hatreds,
the jealousies,
And it has stirred us to wakeful-
ness, and to memories--
Twenty-one years ago, we, too,
learned how to hate our brothers
We, too, heard the blare of the
bugle and the roll of the drum,
Leading us to death. We, too, felt
the thrill
Of fighting for a great cause, We
too, learned
The horror of killing and of being
killed in return.
Oh, God, must all our younger bro-
thers learn this too?
Was it for this we died in a "war
to end wars"?
Have all our sacrifices been in
vain?
Has not the world learned yet the
vainness
Of mad, foolish slaughter between
brothers?
For this we have awakened, we can-
not rest in peace,
When the murmurs of war are all
about us.
We cannot, shall not rest, until
the world has learned,
Has learned forever that war do
not pay!

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The Distaff

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LE DIABLE

VOLUME 11 no 1 HADES, NADIRLAND AUGUST 1, 1945

DRUMBEAT OF ~~MARS~~ LABOR

By WALTER B. DILLON

Copyright 1945 by Walter B. Dillon

Chicago in midsummer is hardly the place for a lover's rendevous even in the suburbs where one can still find a tree or two standing, tall and stately, of the millions that once covered the Illinois plains but fell to the relentless axes of greedy lumber barons. Yet love has been known to flourish in Chicago in spite of gangsters, political mobs and payless teachers.

In a home on the west side, typical of the "middle" class—people of moderate means, small shopkeepers, high grade artisans, struggling professional men, white collar workers and the like—love, if not exactly flourishing, was at least in progress. The drawn venetian blinds shut out the glare of the sun but allowed the air to circulate freely, the twilight nature of the filtered sunlight giving a sort of privacy to the man and woman locked in a passionate embrace in the center of the room.

The man still held his hat in one hand indicating his recent arrival. They broke at last and he held the woman at arm's length while they gazed at each other in smiling foolishment. He held her thus for a moment only, then his mood changed. The smile died slowly on his lips, he dropped his hands from her shoulders and partly turned away to lay his hat on a table. When he turned back to her a rueful expression was in his eyes.

"I should not have kissed you that way, Bess." His tone was apologetic but there was also an undertone of grief and regret.

The woman backed away slightly, half in surprise half in dismay. "Why, Frank Hayden! Of all things to say to a woman you have just kissed. It felt like a freely bestowed kiss. Has it turned sour already?" She arched her brows peevishly but she was more hurt and puzzled than peeved.

"Oh, sure, I meant everything I put into it—and it was sweet—" he returned quickly, "but I still say I—we—should not have gone that far. It was wrong."

"Wrong!" The word was wrung from her. "For Pete's sake; I like that still less. I never would have taken you for a moralist. What is wrong about a kiss? It was a hot one, I will admit, but what of it? We love each other, don't we?"

"Oh, not wrong, then," he conceded. "Not wrong in a moral sense, I mean. Just —just foolish, let us say." He grinned somewhat wryly, knowing that was not what he wanted to convey either.

"Foolish? Darned if I like that any better." She frowned petulantly. "What kind of a lover are you, anyhow, giving a gal a hot kiss and then telling her it was a mistake." She was now hesitant between anger, laughter and tears.

"Oh, I don't mean foolish either, I guess." Hayden floundered helplessly. "Damn it, I'd mean it. We're both just plain crazy—with the heat, maybe." He chuckled as the humor of the situation hit him but his eyes betrayed only worry and bewilderment.

"That sounds a little better" she grudgingly admitted and seated herself on the

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Volume II—No. 2. Hades, Nadirland September, 1945

DRUMBEATS OF ~~MARS~~ LABOR

By WALTER B. DILLON

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(Continued from previous issue)

"You do not understand my father, Frank." Bess persisted in an attempt to shake Hayden out of his fury. He is human the same as any other man. If you would agree to meet him personally, I am sure—"

"Me? Meet your father personally, on a social basis? Ye gods!" He stared at her incredulously. "That's a laugh. You don't even know what your father thinks of a man like me. Would a princely potentate step down from his throne to hobnob with a beggar? Don't be ridiculous."

"But, Frank, father is not a titled potentate. He is just an American citizen like yourself. He is proud of his American ancestry, it is true, but that is no crime, is it?" Bess was nettled to be thus forced to defend her father but she was scared, too, by the vehemence of Hayden's voice and words.

"You don't say!" Hayden sneered. "You evidently know very little of your father's inner makeup, Bess, in spite of your twenty-five years residence with him. Your father would no more be found in the same room with me than with a mangy cur or a filthy leper. That's all I am to him. I am just a foul labor agitator who is spreading economic pestilences amidst his wage slaves, endangering his hold on them and threatening his Bourbon empire. He is forced to recognize the existence of men like myself but leaves all contact with us to his hirelings.

"He is a typical Bourbon, I tell you; a King in his own right. And he is, too, Bess—an industrial monarch. His argument is that he owns the property on which and with which his slaves work, so he owns them, too. Sure, they can quit if they don't like it, but if they do they will starve or merely change masters. He doesn't own their bodies but he owns, solely, what they need to sustain life in their bodies; hence, he owns them.

"In essence, Bess, there is very little difference between your father, an industrial King, and any of the Bourbon kings or Roman emperors. Only Rome burned while Nero fiddled but today the whole world is burning because your father and his kind are trying to imitate Nero and his kind. Nero, down in hell, must be splitting his sides at the great spectacle."

Hayden had been speaking in a bitterly intense tone but his last remark broke the tension and they both laughed. "That isn't fair, Frank Hayden." Bess pouted prettily. "First you heap abuse on my father and you make me laugh at it. You are not fair to my father, either. He is a hard fighter, I admit; even ruthless, as you claim. But if he is he is no more so than you are."

"I grant that last part freely,

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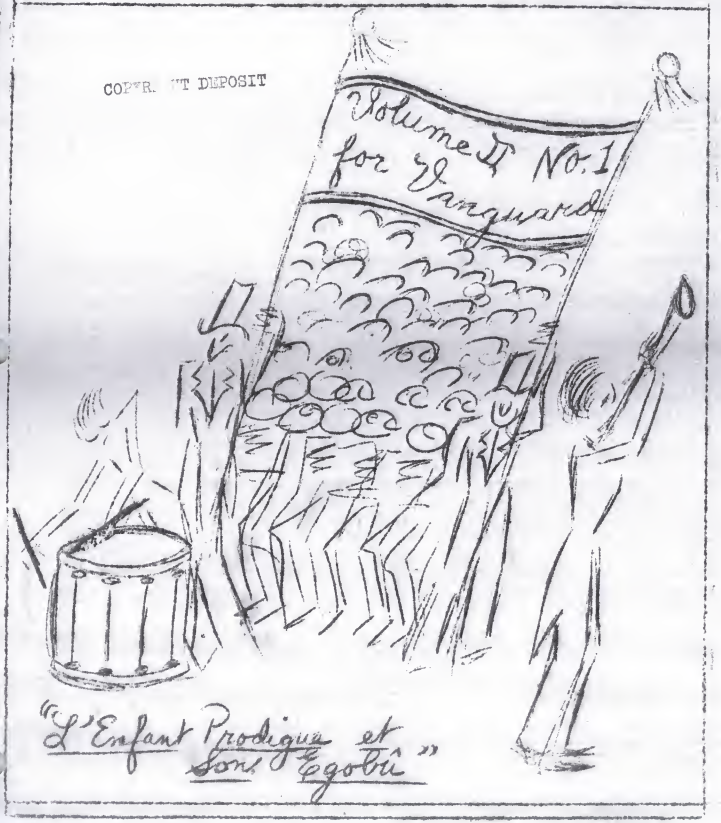

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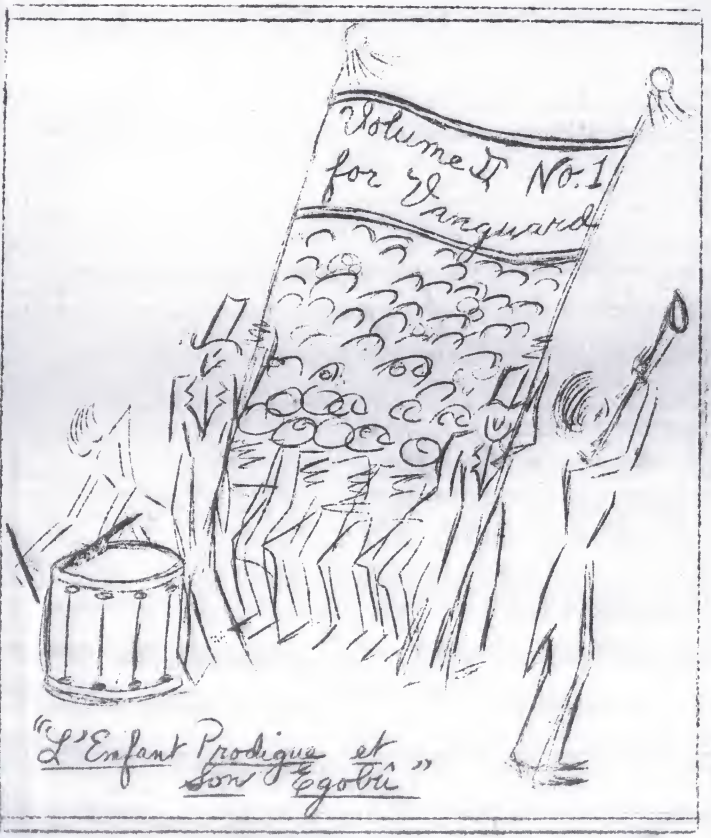

"L'Enfant Prodigue et Son Egobû"

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RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.
Published by Ralph F. Cummings, Box 75, Fisherville, Mass., U. S. A.
Price $1.00 per year or ten cents a copy.
Ad. rates—2c per word, 50c per inch, Quarter page $1.25, Half page $2.00, Full page $3.50. Four times for price of three.

Vol. 15 June 1947 No. 177

IN REFUTATION

by W. M. Burns

In the May 1947 issue of Roundup in the "Newsy News" column is the statement that I am all wrong when I stated in an article of mine that Col. Prentice Ingraham was the real author of Beadles Half Dime Librarys #191-194.

In this statement, Brother Cummings gives me "the merry Ha-Ha", suggesting that when I wrote the article that I had been drinking something stronger than soda pop. I must remind Brother Cummings that there are two sides to every story, or argument, and that it is poor policy to use "snap" judgement before hearing the other parties side of the story.

Regardless of what Bro. Steinmetz says about knowing Col. Ingraham and Capt. Alfred B. Taylor personally, and that he knows that Ingraham never wrote the two tales under the name of Taylor, "for if he had, Taylor would have tanned his hide," this is not the slightest evidence or proof whatever that I am wrong.

What proof can Mr. Steinmetts offer other than his personal opinion that I am wrong?

Among Beadle collectors it is pretty much an established fact that Ingraham wrote extensively under the pen names of "Texas Jack," "Dr. Frank Powell," "J. B. Omahundro," "Buffalo Bill," etc. In fact wrote nearly all the tales ascribed to "Buffalo Bill" except a very few that were written by Major John Burke, one time press agent for Cody.

Ingraham, like Buntline, roamed the West for material for his storys, and also like Buntline met and became friends with (at this time) famous western characters. He must have obtained their full consent to write novels about, and around them, using their names as authors instead of his own, as I never heard that any of these men ever "tanned his hide" for doing so. Please remember that in this era all these famous characters were living men and it only fed their vanity to have some Eastern author write tales of "derring-do" and use their names as author. Ingraham did not care. He got his pay from Beadle as the real writer, while the "famous scout" got his credit as the author from an often gullible public.

It was only many years later that dime novel students discovered the fact that Ingraham was really the "man behind the gun." Now is it not logically possible, even probable, that Ingraham used Taylor's name likewise?

For over 15 years, man and boy, I have been an avid reader of dime novels and for nearly 20 years a collector of them. Early in my collecting days I started to specialize in Beadles.

Since early youth I have always been a lover of the tales of Col. Ingraham and in over 19 years of collecting I have made a special study of the style and type of writing of Col. Ingraham. He has a style of writing and an expression quite unlike other writers. So when several years ago when I thought I could "spot" an Ingraham tale under any pen name, I suddenly got in these two Half Dimes in question. On reading them I at once concluded that they were really Ingraham tales. So I at once wrote my

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RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.
Published by Ralph F. Cummings, Box 75, Fisherville, Mass., U. S. A.
Price $1.00 per year or ten cents a copy.
Ad. rates—2c per word, 50c per inch, Quarter page $1.25, Half page $2.00, Full page $3.50. Four times for price of three.

Vol. 15 February 1947 No. 173

BUFFALO BILL, MULTI-STORIED BORDER KING

Cont. from the December issue, Part 3

by J. Edward Leithead

THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

Best of Old-time Weekies About the Indian-fighting West

In 1901, Street & Smith issued the first number of The Buffalo Bill Stories, a colored cover weekly. It was the first time that a library had been devoted exclusively to the adventures of Colonel Cody, whose very appearance was an inspiration to writers of Western tales.

#1 of the Buffalo Bill Stories was entitled, "Buffalo Bill, the Border King. A Story of Daring Deeds." It is not a reprint of either the original "Buffalo Bill, the King of Border Men" or Log Cabin Library #153, "Buffalo Bill, the Border King"; but in part it is the same story published as #1 of the Far West Library, a 15-cent series in book format which came out later, same title. It reads more like a Buntline tale than one by Ingraham, though it may not have been written by either of them.

#2 of the Buffalo Bill Stories was "Buffalo Bill's Best Shot. A Story of Wild West Adventure," and #3 was "Buffalo Bill's Victory. A Story of Tangled Trails." These are reprints of two New York Weekly-Log Cabin Library stories, with corresponding titles, by Ned Buntline. Some cutting was necessary to bring them within the word length required by the new weekly.

For over one hundred issues, this weekly reprinted Buffalo Bill tales from Log Cabin, Beadle's Dime and Half-Dime Libraries. It also reprinted two Wild Bill stories from Beadle's Dime, #175, "Wild Bill's Trump Card" and #189, "Wild Bill's Gold Trail," as #132 to 134 inclusive of the Stories, substituting Cody's name for Hickok's in title and text. In fact, practically all the Buffalo Bill novels published by Beadle & Adams were used to launch the long-lived Buffalo Bill Stories, which, according to the masthead, was "The Only Publication Authorized by Hon. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill)." Later on this was changed to read, "A Weekly Publication Devoted to Border Life," and at another time, "A Weekly Publication Devoted to Border History."

In reprinting tales from Beadle's Dime Library it was necessary, because of their length, 50,000 words or more, to run one of them in two consecutive issues of the Stories. This also applied to Log Cabin Library tales. But the Beadle's Half-Dimers, being shorter, ran in single issues, many retaining the titles under which Beadle & Adams had first published them. For example, #79 of the Buffalo Bill Stories was "Buffalo Bill's Decoy Boys," the same title and the same story issued in Beadle's Half-Dime #1000, in 1896. Buffalo Bill Stories #80, "Buffalo Bill's Sure Shots," was a reprint of the identical story and title in Half-Dime #1007. Here are a few more, same title, same story as originally gotten out by Beadle: Buffalo Bill Stories #81, "Buffalo Bill's Texan Team," #98 "Buffalo Bill's Rush Ride," #109 "Buffalo Bill's Pony Patrol," #108 "Buffalo Bill's Drop," #109 "Buffalo Bill's Lasso-throwers." All the

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LE DIABLE

"Hell Bent for Progress — Devil Take the Hindmost"

Volume III—No. 1 Hades, Nadirland May, 1947

DRUMBEAT OF LABOR

By WALTER B. DILLON

Copyright 1947 by Walter B. Dillon

CHAPTER II.

Dell Howard, reporter for the DAILY STAR, morning sheet, swung through the doors of the outer office of the Council of Labor, meandering slowly toward the rear. Typewriters clickety-clacked around him, their carriages banged noisily and the tinkle of their bells merely added to the clangor. Other office machines contributed their bit to the cacophonous medley usual to a busy office.

Howard, a typical cosmopolite, paid no attention to these raucous discords. They bounced off his auditory nerves as unnoticed as the wavelets of air created by his own movement. He waved perfunctory salutes as he passed leisurely by. He seemed but semi-conscious of his surroundings. But midway of the room he stopped suddenly and his gaze focused on the typist at his right. She looked up at him and smiled, her fingers poised over the keys. Howard patted her gently on the shoulder, his face a grave but poker mask.

"Mabel, allow me to congratulate you. In that highly developed art of which I can tell you are an ardent devotee, you are without a doubt the most marvelous and outstanding champion."

"Oh, yeah?" She was visibly pleased but at the same time puzzled. "What have I done so good now?"

Howard winced at the grammar but smiled gravely. He reached into his pocket but concealed in the palm of his hand what he found there. When he spoke again it was in the pompous and sonorous tones of a politician expatiating to a receptive audience. The room became hushed.

"Mabel, my good girl— you ARE good, I hope— or are you? Well, never mind." His grin expanded briefly before he continued. "As I entered this room in deep abstraction, my thought processes immersed in the grave problems of a ship of State, the usual hurley-burley of this beehive of industrious human ants laboring in the vineyards of love touched me not.

"But as I wended my way from yonder portals of entrance toward those far portals guarding the Big Boss" (he indicated the inner office by a wave of his hand), "mine ears detected a persistently high note of a strange and yet a familiar cadence rising above the general clamor. These notes were high and staccato-like, crackling on the air —uh—like intermittent static— a high and screeching soprano, so to speak, trying to drown out a basso profundo."

"Oh yeah?" Mabel repeated, both surprised and suspicious. "I didn't know I was singing."

A faint grin fled across Howard's face but he held her in a gravely steady gaze. "My ears but faintly detected it at first but as I neared

X-PN 4827
OCT 31 1947
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#56

LE DIABLE

"Hell Bent for Progress — Devil Take the Hindmost"

Volume III—No. 1 Hades, Nadirland May, 1947

DRUMBEAT OF LABOR

By WALTER B. DILLON

Copyright 1947 by Walter B. Dillon

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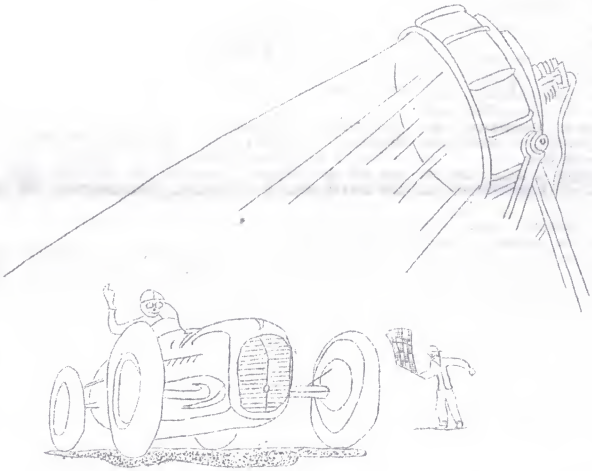
#57

DRIFTWOOD

NUMBER TWO MAY 1948

Member National Amateur Press Association



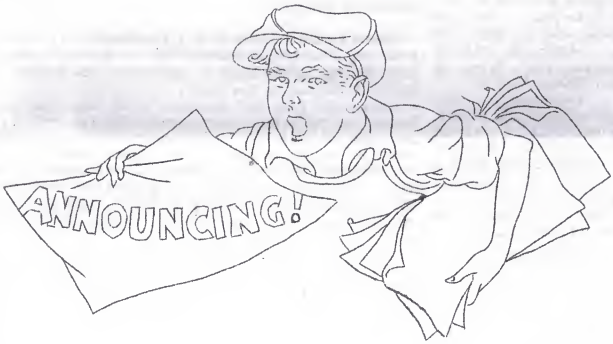
THE SPOTLIGHT IS ON THE 500-MILE RACE

..... see page 3

#58

DRIFTWOOD

NUMBER ONE FEBRUARY 1948



OUR FIRST ISSUE

..... see page 2

X-PN 4827

Rare Book Room #59
X-PN 4827
RECEIVED AUG 25 1948

Ding Dong

No. 3 July 1948

73rd Convention Covers Entire West

By Edna Hyde McDonald

The 73rd N.A.P.A. convention, as you know, was held in Los Angeles, but it carried over to San Francisco, Portland, and Seattle, with contingents going to Mexico, St. Louis, Detroit, Cleveland and points east. If amateurs talk of anything else in the next twelve months it will be a miracle.

More than eighty people turned up, twenty of them *Fossils*, and nearly that many from outside California. Friends who had not seen each other for more than twenty years embraced unabashed in the Mayfair lobby and fell on each other's necks at breakfast.

The Moitoret clan was present *en masse* (excusin' two), and it might be well to note now the balance of power which that royal family can exercise in our affairs. (Erford never had anything like that!) They even nominated Anthony for President, lest Shattuck get in unanimously. Victor, in seconding his father's candidacy, said he knew more about him than anyone else and in favoring him for a second term believed his father "as good a man as Willametta." Carolyn,

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#60

The Diamond Jubileer

Number 2 Philadelphia June, 1948

Announcing The Diamond Jubileers

In the June issue of "The National Amateur" you will find the official announcement of the forming of an organization known as The Diamond Jubileers. Organized in Detroit last summer, the Diamond Jubileers is an organization of persons who hope to attend the Diamond Jubilee Celebration of Amateur Journalism, or 75th Anniversary Convention of the National Amateur Press Association, to be held in Philadelphia during the early days of July, 1951.

What We Plan To Celebrate

On the Fourth of July, 1871, a group of boys met at the old City Institute in Philadelphia, and organized the first nation-wide organization of amateur journalists, the National Amateur Press Association. The forming of this club marked the birth of organized amateur journalism into the world. Since that date, numerous other amateur press groups have been organized. A few others are in existence today. But they all owe their existence and original birth to those boys who gathered nearly seventy-five years ago to organize the National Amateur Press Association.

It is because of this common allegiance to the great deed which was performed by the group of boy printers so long ago, that we plan to stage the greatest gathering of amateur journalists in history in

(Continued on Page Three)

A-PN 4827 #61

RECKLESS RALPH'S

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Vol. 14 October 1948 No. 193

THE GREAT TRIALS OF HISTORY
TRIAL OF DICK TURPIN

Who has not heard of Richard Turpin, the highwayman, the 'Jesse James' of the English boy? "The Prince of Highwaymen," as he is called, has figured in thousands of stories, in which his character is shown to be spotless. He is generous, kind-hearted, and was in the habit of only stealing from the rich to give to the poor. But in the following, the true character of this man is shown, and his life, instead of being as attractive as attempts have been made to picture it, was most miserable in its ending.

Turpin was born in Hampstead, Essex, the son of John Turpin, and put to school with a writing master, and later apprenticed to a butcher where he served his time.

Even when quite young he was frequently guilty of misdemeanors and often behaved in a disorderly manner. Tiring of his life as an apprentice, he joined a notorious gang of smugglers and deer stealers who operated in Essex. They soon had all the country terrorized, and they committed many atrocities, but finally, all of the gang but Turpin, were arrested in an inn, he making his escape by diving thru a window.

Finding the county of Essex too hot, Turpin went further north and met his "best friend," Tom King, a famous highwayman, first making his acquaintance by trying to hold him up, while King stopped Turpin with the same intentions. Not long after, Turpin committed his first murder by shooting a man servant of a Mr. Thompson who tried to effect his capture.

Turpin continued at this "gentle occupation" for about three years when in a melee he, by mistake, shot King. After this, with a large reward on his head he traveled to Lincolnshire where he stopped under the name of Palmer, the while posing as a country gentleman of means. He made frequent trips to Yorkshire, where he was finally apprehended. Here also he posed as a gentleman and upon every visit, he sold or exchanged many thoroughbred horses, every one being a firstclass animal.

While staying in Borough-Cave, Turpin was returning one day from shooting, which was at the beginning of October, 1738, and seeing one of his landlord's cocks in the road, he shot and killed it, and for this little misdeed he was put into the house of correction. As he would give no account of himself, except that he came from Longsutton in Lincolnshire, he was held while a messenger was sent to that town to discover anything that he could about Turpin's character.

The messenger returned with the news that a John Palmer had lived there and that he was once arrested for sheep stealing, but had made his escape, and that also several of the best horses of the county had been stolen from the squires, and of this crime the same Palmer was suspected.

Turpin was, upon this news, committed to the York Castle. After he had been there a month some gentlemen came from Lincolnshire and identified some horses as their property, among those which Palmer had tried to sell. Four months later his true personality was discovered, and al-

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Vol. 16 June 1948 No. 189

OLD COSMOPOLITANS

by Joe Gantner

While I know that the ROUND-UP Magazine is written for the collector of old Dime Novels, and not for such high-brow magazines as the COSMOPOLITAN Magazine, I am sending this article in, with the hope that it will strike a resounding chord in some Happy-Hour Member. This article was originally slanted for the Cosmopolitan, so please pardon my style if it seems over enthusiastic. The Old 5c Weeklies delighted my imagination in my grade school days, and the high-brow magazines like Cosmopolitan, Red Book, etc. inflamed my fancy in my youth. You might say that I graduated from Nick Carter to Jack London as I show in this little essay. May this article bring back again memories of some happy hours of your young manhood.

It is peculiar how life repeats itself. The things we throw away today, we will want tomorrow. We never know when we will want something that has been very interesting in our past life, and great honor should be given to the collector, for it is by his foresight, that we can again live the joyous past. Oh how I wished at times that I had saved my old Cosmopolitans! How interesting it would be if we had every issue of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, in bound volumes on a shelf? What a wonderful. Illustrated encyclopedia we would have? and if one volume was devoted to the Index alone, how many references, and cross references, we could find? I do not believe that there is any subject, in we will say, that Great Encyclopedia Britannica, that is not also covered and richly illustrated by the special feature writers in Old Cosmopolitans. The word Cosmopolitan, means a Citizen of the World, and like a well travelled citizen of the world visiting you, how well it talks?

Take any course of study you may choose to follow, and see the many, many different articles in Old Cosmopolitans there is on the subject. Let's say you are interested in Art? There must be at least several hundred articles illustrated on Art, some in colors and some about Portraiture, and some about the Landscape. Also your imaginative and dreaming faculty, can be greatly aroused on art, by such great fiction writers as Robert W. Chambers, etc. Take Gold Mining, for instance, you can fine a world of articles, and look at the fiction of the Great Golden Northwest, Jack London, Oliver Curwood, Rex Beach, etc. It would indeed be an education in itself to own and read a set of Old Cosmopolitans.

It's to our loss, if we do not read the Cosmopolitan Mag. and to follow the trend of the times. Every war, every depression, has been predicted years ahead of the time, in the pages of Old Cosmopolitans. In the year of 1906, I was only a boy of fourteen years old. At that time we were taught to believe there would never be another war, and in the January 1906 issue of the Cosmopolitan, there appeared an article by Charles Edward Russell, titled: Germanizing the World. It showed then how Germany believed themselves to be the Super-duper race, and Deutschland Uber Alles. Since that time, I have seen two wars

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Vol. 16 April 1948 No. 187

THE DERRING-DO OF THE DIAMOND DICKS

A Bibliographic Monograph on a Famous Fictional Father and Son

by J. Edward Leithead

Richard and Bertrand Wade, otherwise the Diamond Dicks, father and son, are famous, long-lived names in nickel novel history. The family pedigree is briefly traced in Diamond Dick, Jr. Weekly #60: Thomas Wade married a woman named Dizma. Richard was their son, who became famous as Diamond Dick. He married beautiful Alice Reardon, and they also had a son, Bertrand or Diamond Dick, Jr.

The first of the Diamond Dick tales, featuring Richard Wade (Diamond Dick, Sr.) and Handsome Harry, was published in seven installments in the New York Weekly, beginning April 8, 1878. The title of the first issue was "Diamond Dick; or, The Sarpint of Siskiyou County. A Romance of Arizona"; the second issue reversed the title to "The Sarpint of Siskiyou County, or, Diamond Dick," meaning Siskiyou County, California, whence came the red-bearded, roaring but jolly giant, Handsome Harry, a prominent character to the very last Diamond Dick novel issued in 1911. The author's pseudonym of "Delta Calaveras" is accredited to Robert Russell, who was also the original "W. B. Lawson," a stock pen-name used by Street & Smith, publishers. The large front page illustration for the first installment of this serial showed a Chinaman being hurled into the midst of a barroom crowd by the Sarpint of Siskiyou from a short stairway (seemingly a cellar groggery).

Just a few months earlier, in 1877, the first Deadwood Dick tale by Edward L. Wheeler, "Deadwood Dick, the Prince of the Road, or, The Black Rider of the Black Hills," had been published as #1 of Beadle's Half Dime Library. Later came Deadwood Dick, Jr. Thus the Wades and the Harrises became rival dime novel duos, the former outlasting the latter by many seasons.

"Silver Mask, or, The Sarpint of Siskiyou," another New York Weekly serial by Russell, may be called the second of the Diamond Dick series, although it detailed Harry's adventures, with Dick in the background, incognito as "Del Norte." In 1889, under the title "Diamond Dick in Arizona," the first story was reprinted in the first edition of #14 Log Cabin Library. "Silver Mask" repeated in #17 Log Cabin Library, first edition. Later editions of Log Cabin assigned different stories to #14 and #17. "Silver Mask" was also published as #376 Log Cabin under the title, "Danite Dick and His White Mountain Wolves, or, The Octagon of Arizona."

Nugget Library reprinted these two tales, "Diamond Dick in Arizona" as #111, "Danite Dick and His White Mountain Wolves" as #125. New stories about Richard Wade had begun with "Dashing Diamond Dick," by W. B. Lawson (Robert Russell), Nugget Library #16. #17 was "Diamond Dick's Death Trail," #18, "Diamond Dick's Claim," then a long skip to #34, "The Shade of Diamond Dick." After that, the Diamond Dick stories appeared frequently in Nugget, 25 of them in

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Vol. 16 March 1948 No. 186

HOW I MET THE STEAM MAN OF THE PLAINS

By George H. Cordier

Of course I never met the Steam Man, he existing only in the vivid imagination of Lu Senarins, but I met a very good imitation of him, and I will now detail the circumstances of our meeting. Los Angeles in the year 1885 was a quiet, sleepy town just beginning to take the first steps toward being the wonderful city that it is today. The city of a million and a half, the fourth in the nation and with wealth beyond count, while people from all over the world aiming to make it their homes for the future. Of course the readers of the Round-Up have read of the famous Hollywood. Fifty years ago I often went hunting over the land now covered by that famous location with not a house in sight, and with droves of sheep quietly grazing. There was plenty of small game, rabbits, quail, and pigeons and when I rode home in the evening I generally had a bag full. Los Angeles at this time had a large building called Hazards Pavilion. In this was held flower shows, dog shows, and industrial exhibits of all kinds. At the time of which I write a great industrial exhibition was being held at the Pavilion, and I planned to attend. It was in the evening when I entered the building, and I walked about viewing the different exhibits. Suddenly I heard a whistle and then the old familiar "Chu-Chu" of a steam engine. I at once made myself known to Charley and Frank, and we three had a very fine time while I was there.

FAVORITES OF YESTERDAY MARIE CORELLI

by Hermon Pitcher

On two occassions Gladstone, "England's grand old man," called on Marie Corelli at her home near London, without previous notice, much to her surprise; and while entertaining the veteran statesman at afternoon tea, during which he conversed with her on the subject of her work, she ventured to ask him, in the presence of friends, why he had honored her with a visit.

"Because," said he, "I was curious to see for myself the personality of a young woman who could write so courageously and so well, and in whose work I recognized a power working for good, and eminently calculated to sway the thoughts of the people. It is a wonderful gift you have—and I do not think you will abuse it. There is a magnetism in your pen which will influence many. Take care always to do your best, and never work in a hurry. As a woman, you are pretty and good; as a writer, be brave and true."

After a visit of nearly three hours, in which the conversation touch on a wide range of subjects, his last words to the novelist were: "God bless you, my child. Be brave. You've got a great future before you. Don't lose heart on the way. Good bye."

Lord Tennyson also encouraged her in her work in a personal letter of praise before he died.

There are many, who having but a superficial acquaintance with her work condemn the force of her realis ... and there are countless good, but narrow minded, people who take objection

X-PN 4827 H65

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Vol. 16 February 1948 No. 185

OUR OLD STORY PAPERS "GOLDEN DAYS" No. 2

by W. M. Burns

When I was a youth of about 15-16 years of age. I was given a huge amount of boys story papers. Given me gratis simply to get them out of the owners way.

There were long consecutive runs of story papers such as "Young Men of America," "Beadles Weekly," "Banner Weekly," "Happy Days," "Golden Hours" and last, but not least "Golden Days." (A lot of luck and white novels were in the lot also. But I have written about these before.)

Well, at that age I was earning a little pocket money every week, and as an avid lover of dime novels was spending the large part of it on my favorite novels of that era. I managed to get "Pluck & Luck," "Brave & Bold," "Secret Service" and "Buffalo Bill" nearly every week. Also "Happy Days." Now the "Young Men of America," "Beadles and Banner Weeklies" were highly interesting as I had never seen any of either before those. Also the "Happy Days," as they were old over that I had never read. But in going over the "Golden Days" I can still remember my reactions plainly. and my thoughts also. After reading "blood and thunder" for years. This run of "Golden Days" just simply did not appeal to me a bit.

My judgement probably ran something like this. "Pshaw! This 'namby-pamby' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' stuff is all right for Sunday School kids, but not up my alley at all." So I discarded it onread. gave it away or sold it for old paper. I cannot recall which.

For years after joining H. H. B. I would not touch a story paper of any kind in a cash deal or a trade. However after my little collection of Beadles reached the point where only badly wanted items came in only at the rate of a dozen or less per year. I once more turned my attention to old story papers and old time boys cloth bound books.

In the two latter classes they came at me faster than I could afford to buy them, with my limited means. So now I have some good long runs of "Golden Argosy," "Golden Days," "Golden Hours," "Banner Weekly," "New York Weekly," etc. The "Golden Days" were offered me so cheaply that I simply could not refuse them. I have a finely cloth bound volume 9 and vols. 11 and 12 in unbound condition.

And in looking them over I was really surprised at my lack of acumen as a youth in passing them up as a "namby-pamby" story paper. The only excuse that I can offer, is that I was at that time (and still am) more interested in the "blood and thunder" type of story paper mentioned above.

Now the majority of the authors that wrote for Golden Days were such as Edward Stratemeyer, Edward S. Ellis, Horatio Alger Jr., Oliver Optic, James Otis, Victor St. Clair, William P. Chipman, Harry Castlemon, George W. Coomer, John Russell Coryell, etc. Yes, John R. Coryell, the originator of "Nick Carter" was a regular contributor to Golden Days. A fine writer of long serial juvenile tales in those days 1883-1891. He not only wrote juveniles for Golden Days, but for St. Nicholas

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#6

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X-PN 4827 #67

Dith

February, 1949

Number 1

Number Two Dith August, 1949

#68

Like *Number 1* this issue of *Dith* comes from Skreughbaul Manor at 720 Rockwood Avenue, Pittsburgh 16, Pennsylvania, where it is printed and published, but not written, by William M. Danner. Otherwise it doesn't resemble the first one very much, does it?

Republicanism—or Slow Death

(Ed. Note: This manuscript, as received, bore all the earmarks of having been sent as a letter to another editor and, when it was rejected, changed so as to make it suitable for publication elsewhere. Ordinarily I don't like to publish anonymous articles, but since this contains some good Bierce quotations I haven't seen before I decided to use it.—wmd)

THAT RECENT *Hay Field*, with its refutations of Rusty's "Democracy—or Death!" caused me to dig out *Cameo* in order to give young Rusty's sketch a second perusal. Seems to me a red headed High School girl* has unduly upset both of the authors involved. Cornwall seems to think a Republic, so-called since the days of olden Greece, and the Roosevelt gang's new "Democracy" are one and the same. He is correct. Correct in his semantics and in the methods of government *today* as compared to Grecian times. The Greeks' "Rule by the People", circa 100 B. C., totaled the same degree of corruption as now. And the chimera of Freedom was no different than now. "Freedom" has always been the ear of corn dangling before the donkeys' noses to keep them going. When a young Smart Aleck in High School gets sold on an ideal

*"Young Rusty" is not a young high school girl as the writer seems to think, but Miss Alma Weixelbaum, a prominent NAPA writer, whose pseudonym "Rusty" is well known to the initiates.—wmd

JAC HOMAN - GED. TURFHAVEN 33, HOORN, HOLLAND JANUARY 1950

DUTCH NEWS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION -1st. Edition

YOU ARE THE REMEDY

by
Jac Homan

A terrible struggle is being fought in the world in which we are-living; the struggle between love and hatred. This contest now casts its shadows upon the lives of peoples and individuals and is so sharp and violent that it threatens to become fatal. The vital question for the human race seems to be 'will it succeed in controlling the devastating forces inured by the human instincts of aggression and self-annihilation?' Man has succeeded in gaining such control over all kinds of forces of nature, that, by using them, they might exterminate all mankind in and by 'a last war'.

And...people talk of world peace and harmony. They discuss various plans, schemes and programs, for ushering in a better and happier world, all founded on adjustments on the material plan.

But...what are we going to do ourselves-you and I? Look around the world. Do you see what is wrong with it? Greed; selfishness; blindness to the things of God; a turning away from the worship of beauty to the worship of possessions; the mis-use of speech and gift of thought; a lack of the sense of the Eternal.

You can say, "Of what use am I in this vast scheme of things? How can my little efforts assist mankind?" Here is the answer:- Now, look within your own soul. There you have the remedy. Within yourself, you can find the sense of the Eternal. Your speech and thought can be directed to lift up your fellows ...into new life and new power. You can offer the world, love in place of hatred, service in place of selfishness. You are related to all things.

By the process of being faithful day after day, by your own personal responsibility in the matter of putting the world right,you will lead onward to the destiny that God has in store for you. Do you not see where you stand? You stand in one world of which you are an essential part. And every day of your life you will have the responsibility of helping to reform the world by lifting it up out of its present blindness, into the light and truth of God. It is only the omnipotent power of God residing in everyone of us to do that what is so sorely needed to spread this light and truth over this old world in which we live, you and I, and all the rest of us.

Therefore, you are the remedy for this evil time, the responsibility is yours and mine, and we must so strive to live that we may be true expressions of something better, something more beautiful or sensible than has ever been portrayed before. We have to catch such a vision of all that is good and true, that every day of our lives we may reveal it to others. We have to take a stand on the things that are eternal, and we must know that here is no power, on, under, or above the earth that could ever influence us, once we are persuaded. that our duties lie in blessing and healing the world in thought, in word and deed.

No matter where we are or what we are, the fact remains, we shall build no new world except we build it deep and firm within our own hearts. You and I are the remedy. Reform the world, yes, but begin the task with yourself.

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#70

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOLUME I NUMBER II
DECEMBER 1950

DUET

LUCILLE & AUDREY BRAATZ
CO-EDITORS

214 W. CONCORDIA AVENUE
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

I HEARD A CHOIR OF ANGELS SING

I heard a choir of angels sing
One Christmas long ago
As I was on my homeward wend
Through softly falling snow.

I raised my eyes up to the sky
And saw them standing there
Upon a fleecy cloud of white
With snowflakes in their hair.

The tiniest of the cherubs
Held out his hand to me
And something fluttered down to earth,
Just what I could not see.

Then suddenly they disappeared
Their mission was complete
And when I gazed upon the ground
A rose lay at my feet.

I can't explain the reason why
Or how it came about
I only know what I did see,
So, who am I to doubt ?

Audrey Jane

THE CHRIST CHILD

Upon this blessed Christmas Eve
A tiny babe was born,
And laid with-in a manger bed
To keep him snug and warm.

The worshippers all gathered round
And knelt upon the ground,
When they learned of the blessed one,
And glory shone around.,

Audrey Jane

ANGEL BABIES UP IN HEAVEN

(A PRAYER AND CONSOLATION)

"I WONDER"

Will her sock be filled at Christmas?
Will there be a Santa there?
Will they have a tree in heaven
For my angel baby fair ?

Will they light a tiny candle
On a baby Christmas tree?
To celebrate her first Christmas
Please God, light one just for me.

"I KNOW"

Angel babies up in heaven
Pin their stockings on a star
Then go to sleep upon a cloud
Awaiting Santa from a-far.

When morning comes they gather round
A candle-lit Christmas tree,
And sing their praises all to God
Just as happy as can be.

Audrey Jane

CHRISTMAS TIME

Christmas time is here once more
There's presents counted by the score
'Neath our pretty Christmas tree
I wish that they were all for me!

Audrey Jane

MERRY CHRISTMAS

HAPPY NEW YEAR

X-PN 4827

#71

VOLUME I NUMBER 3

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DUET

LUCILLE & AUDREY BRAATZ
CO-EDITORS
214 W. CONCORDIA AVE.,
MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.

PUBLISHED BY JOINT EFFORT FOR THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

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ONE STEP AHEAD OF YOU

Reading last month's bundle took some time to do because of its many papers. We saw some new contributors and Audrey and I wish to congratulate them on their papers which we enjoyed very much. Much time and work go into these bundles. Eddie Daas and George Boehme are swamped with work which consists of typing, cutting stencils, stapling papers together, mimeographing, and getting the envelopes ready for mailing.

About six months ago Audrey and I joined the mailing group. We get together one Saturday of each month and sit around the Boehme's dinning room table, each taking a stack of papers and either staple them together or fold them for the envelopes. Previous to this George and Eddie have cut the stencils and mimeographed them. Our work is just the finishing touch.

I wish it were possible for all to see that table stacked high with piles of interesting papers done by members. The envelopes are piled on chairs. There is no room on the table. But those aren't just piles to us. They are more, because we look them over before anyone else can, and if we do not understand something we talk it over and discuss it. In this way we profit and the papers hold a special interest that they may not have held before. The editors become friends, people we know, instead of just a name. When the last envelope is filled, and there are over two hundred and fifty, we sit back wishing there were more. We have had a very enjoyable evening and are sorry to see it end.

The climax of the evening comes when we smell the aroma of coffee and Mrs. Boehme says it is time for a midnight snack. Over coffee and bakery we talk about the bundle, but lately it has been about the coming Milwaukee convention. As I am writing this, Audrey and I are looking forward to the next bundle.

SO LITTLE TIME

"I have so little time," I heard you say,
"For the things I should like to do."
But what do you do with all the hours
That God has given to you?

You have time for hunting and fishing and golf,
Time for parties or cards or a show;
You have time for reading the latest books,
Or enjoying the radio.

You have time to make merry with friends you meet
As along life's pathway you plod.
You, somehow, find time for everything else,
But you've So Little Time For God.

Elizabeth Miller.

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DUET

LUCILLE & AUDREY BRAATZ
CO-EDITORS

214 W. CONCORDIA AVENUE
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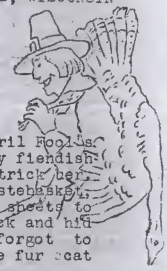

IT'S SO NICE TO HAVE LUCILLE AROUND THE HOUSE

Now that Halloween is over Lucille can rest until April Fool's day. Poor kid, she's the most willing victim to all my fiendish pranks. She wouldn't treat me on Halloween so I had to trick her.

She got off easy this time. I only tipped her wastebasket, tied her pajamas in knots, hid her shoes, fastened her sheets to the bed springs, soaped her mirror, turned her clock back and hid the old sock where she keeps all her money. Oh yes, I forgot to mention the wooden plank I hid under the bedsheet, and the fur coat I put at the footend under the covers.

OH--OH--OH What she said when she discovered what I did.... She still loves me though ------ I theenk?? ?? ??

I always give her two choices:

1. Love me 2. Love me or else ---

She can't beat me up cause I weigh ??? pounds lighter than she and fortunately, I'm three inches taller. Right now she's out scouting for someone to take me off her hands. Guess the poor gals stuck with me though cause I'm too old to be put up for adoption and too young for her to abandon.

Just to be mean to me she never lets me read what she writes now until I get the bundle. Hereafter I have to cover the front page too. She must be twins, one person couldn't be that mean. Oh well April Fool's Day is coming.

ANGEL IN RED FLANNELS

When Gramps went away to heaven
I sent him flannels red
Cause Grandpa use to freeze each night
'Less he wore them to bed.

Hope it don't break regulations
What angels wear I don't know
I had to send his red flannels
Grandpa would miss them so.

Hope no one laughs at my Grandpa
When they see how he's dressed
I don't want him to freeze up there
I sent what I thought best.

Gowns made of gos'mer wings are ok
For angels who are young
But Gramps needs his flannels red
For he's one hundred and one ! AB

TO A TREE

The wicked wind has torn from you
Your frock of emerald green,
And now you stand so bare and cold
An eyesore to my scene.

You look so tattered and so torn
In every branch you're quiv'ring
No need to question you at all
I'm sure you must be shiv'ring.

I still recall those summer days
When you were plump and green,
And just between the two of us--
I think the wind is mean !

Audrey

Happy Thanksgiving day everyone.

Lucille & Audrey

VOLUME I NUMBER I

DUET

LUCILLE & AUDREY BRAATZ
CO-EDITORS
2114- W. CONCORDIA AVE.,
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DUET

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CHIT-CHAT

Girls: If you're looking for a versatile bachelor with a well stocked trousseau--then stop looking! Eddy Daas is your man. He had at least seventeen shirts. Isn't that something? There's a variety of colors too:white, grey, brown, blue, and even green. Some have long sleeves and some have short ones. He's well supplied for years to come. There's only one minor drawback though... It seems fourteen of those shirts are unironed! Still interested? Huh?

Our latest topic at the meetings circles around Eddy and his pile of unironed shirts. Poor man is having trouble finding someone to do them for him. The last time we met he was wearing a short sleeved summer shirt. If he continues to wear his summer supply I dread to think what he'll wear when summer comes. What a catastrophe! Won't someone please lend him a hand? (Preferably one with and iron in it.)

NEWSPAPER AD
"Will exchange fourteen unironed shirts for fourteen ironed ones."

We wish to extend our thanks to all for the numerous cards and letters which we received acknowledging the DUET. Also for verbal compliments. We enjoyed contributing to the Monthly Bundle and hope it will be our pleasure to continue to do so.

Audrey and Lucille

Eddie Daas has been after me for almost a year to do a paper,but it wasn't until my sister Audrey joined that I finally found time to do so. Nearly all of the credit for the paper goes to her, as I seem to have very little time,and that slips away before I can grab it and use it up. The subject "TIME" for this month has made me realize how much of TIME I waste.

TIME SLIPS AWAY

Time, that invisible thing, slips by silently and fast. There is so much that I must do and so little time in which to do it. I schedule my hours to do those tasks that have to be done, yet when the day is over, I can count on my fingers the unfinished tasks. Where has the time gone, and what happened to set me back on my schedule?

It might be I have too many irons in the fire; too many little hobbies that to me are important. They must be important to take up valuable time. Yet,I wonder if the really important hobby and possible career of story writing is slipping away because of those other hobbies. Time is valuable and once lost can not be made up nor recaptured.

There are too many times when I can't find time to do the special

(Continued on next page.)

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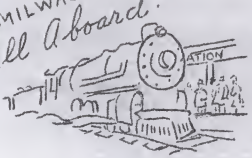

DUET

LUCILLE & AUDREY BRAATZ
EDITORS
214 W. CONCORDIA AVENUE
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

VOL. 1 NO. 6

A
UNITED AMATEUR
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WE'LL BE SEEING YOU

Hi there fellow members. Bet you're all ready for the Milwaukee convention, (I hope). Come prepared to enjoy yourself to the limit. Your enjoyment is the big concern of the M.A.P.C. We are looking forward to seeing many faces that we have seen before and hope to see many that we have not had the pleasure of seeing yet. Here is the chance for one and all to meet each other face to face.

Two years ago the convention met in Milwaukee, and from what I heard it was enjoyed immensely by all. This year Eddie, George and other active members of the M.A.P.C. are going all out to excel themselves. They want to make it a convention to be remembered a long time. It will deserve a Blue Ribbon.

It's only a month and a half away, so if you haven't started putting those pennies away, you'd better start today. It's an investment that should be looked into and taken advantage of. Believe me, I wouldn't miss it. We all need a vacation and here is one all planned out for you, room and entertainment, plus a score of friends. You have met these friends through the bundle each month, and now we ask you to come and meet each other personally. It's a pleasure to meet these other members of the U.A.P.A.

You will also sit in at an original meeting held by the M.A.P.C. You will see how we conduct our meetings, and perhaps it will encourage some other members to organize a club in their own city.

Start today to pack those suitcases to be sure you'll have them ready for that big day. Don't forget those tooth brushes and bobbie pins.
pins. To those who fear they may get lost, just drop us a card and I and other members will be glad to meet your train or bus.

I have received quite a lot of mail from old members and new ones who tell me they are looking forward to coming to Milwaukee. I hope that nothing alters their plans. Last year it was my pleasure and priviledge to meet many people from the eastern states. This year I hope to remeet these people from the east, and for the first time meet the members that live north, south and west of Wisconsin. Also I hope to meet Wisconsin members living out side of Milwaukee. I know that those who came to Milwaukee two years ago will come again, so I say to those who may hesitate, please give yourselve a break and come. You will lose nothing, but profit a great deal. Who knows, but next year's convention may be held in your city. Lucille

This convention we hope will be
The biggest,
The finest,
The best,
And with us we hope you will be.

Audrey Lucille

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#76

VOL. 1 NO. 5

AUGUST 1950

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DUET

LUCILLE & AUDREY BRAATZ
EDITORS
214 W. CONCORDIA AVENUE
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.
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COMMENTS

Belle Mooney we are looking forward to the next issue of "Words." Many of the facts you have stated for songwriters can go too for prose and poetry writing.These money preyers don't care what kind of writing there victims do. All they want is the money handed them so generously.

****

"Basket" Bird by R. S. Craggs is as entertaining and interesting as were the previous writeups on birds. We have clipped them together to keep for a source of information. They will come in handy when our nephews are old enough to become boy scouts.

****

If research is wanted, the man who does it thoroughly is George Palachek. No half way measures for him. The same can be said of his Missouri Mule. He's for him and so are we---one hundred per cent.

****

John Quinley takes his job to heart, and we hope that he gets his wish for his beloved city. Here's to you, John. Boston in '51.

****

Lela Grubbe's "A Fourth of July Picnic in 1909 took us back to the one's that we use to have. It seems like these days we are missing so much. The good old days are gone. We sit back and reminiscence to the fire cracker days. What fun we had.

****

Paul Steffens doesn't mince words. He's home style and outspoken not only in the "Smoke Rings" but also in his personel letters we have received. One of these days he may receive a letter that I will write.

****

What can one say about the "Chatterbox?" It seems to contain just everything. Roses and thorns. Past, present and future news. Prose and poetry. All we can say, we don't miss reading it. We like it fine.

****

It was a pleasure and priviledge to read something our international friends wrote. Thanks Elizabeth for publishing them.

****

To Herman Brandes and Wm. Wallace Ellis we say good luck and may we see more of your songs published We liked them very much.

****

Welcome to the bundle, Esther Manz and Kathlyn Mann. We hope to read your paper each month. Good luck and best wishes.

****

As to the poetry,--please don't stop writing any of it. Reading poetry is one of our favorite enjoyments.

****

To George and Eddie we say "Thanks for your time and labor. And applauds to your papers."They are the leaders, ours are the followers.

****

We welcome Percy Grover back to Milwaukee and hope he'll not drop "Rimehouse" from the bundle.like he threatened.

Lucille.

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#77

VOL. 1 NO. 5

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DUET

LUCILLE & AUDREY BRAATZ
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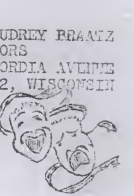

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THE MILWAUKEE AMATEUR PRESS CLUB

Last month the Milwaukee club celebrated their third birthday with a dinner. It was a success as are all things the club undertakes to do.

The Milwaukee Amateur Press Club is a local branch of the United Amateur Press Association. It was started by Milwaukee Ajers who realized that members would profit more with help if a club could be organized by them and meetings held. I don't know too much about the actual starting of the club, as I wasn't a member yet.

When I joined the Milwaukee club, I also became a member of the United. I had no idea what the club was going to mean to me. I was welcomed not as a new comer, but as a friend. I wanted to write, but thought that none would be interested. I hesitated about reading my manuscripts out loud for fear they would be ridiculed and laughed at.

I had much to learn about the wonderful people that made up the Milwaukee club. They didn't laugh. They took my manuscripts and made corrections. They suggested different ways of saying things. I received nothing but encouragement and helpful criticisms. I have sent out my work and received rejection slips, but someday they will change into acceptance slips.

The members have faith not only in themselves but individually in each one. I have lost my self-consciousness and no longer fear reading out loud to a group of listeners. I know they are plugging for me and that their help is waiting whenever I need it.

An active local club of the U. A. P. A. is an organization that is beneficial to each writer. If there are enough U.A.P.A. members in your city to start a club, you would be doing yourself a wonderful thing by starting one now. Verbal criticism and help may mean the different between success today or years from now.

Twice a month the club meets. Once at the public museum, and the second time at the home of a member. At these meetings we bring out our manuscripts, prose and poetry. It is read out loud and helpful criticism given when and where it is needed. The aim of the members is to unselfishly help each other sell his or her manuscripts and poetry.

We look on each manuscript as a saleable piece of work that needs only a few touches here and there to make it sell. The criticisms are given in sincere interest to the writer. They are accepted with appreciation.

Each month the club has a new chairman, and he or she suggests a word or phrase as a subject for that month on which to write. In this way the members have a theme to write about and a dead line to meet. The chairman presides over the two meetings in her month.

The results seem to give each member greater confidence in himself and also gives him or her a chance to win a book for the best entry of the month. The manuscripts are not only criticised by the Milwaukee club members, but are sent to a critic of the U. A. P. A. and a written criticism is sent back to Eddie Daas who rewards the writer of the best entry with a book.

Well,--how about getting yourself a local club, and next year you too celebrate with a dinner. Good Luck.

Lucille

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#78

VOLUME I NUMBER 4

MAY 1950
*****

DUET

LUCILLE & AUDREY BRAATZ
(CO-EDITORS)
214 W. CONCORDIA AVENUE
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

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THE FAN MAIL POURS IN

The mailman has become a steady caller at our house; so we want to say 'Thanks' to all. When I get home from work, the first thing I say is, 'any mail, Kid?' I read and enjoy it before I even shed my coat.

We have been asked questions about ourselves; so Audrey says, 'you give out with the prose, I write poetry.' There isn't much to say. By human nature we're two females. That's where the similarity ends. She's young and blond, only going on twenty-three. I saw that age eleven years ago. I'm dark and five feet. Audrey insists it's only four-ten. She's five foot two, yes, eyes of blue. My eyes match my kitten's.

Now to the question of why two sisters both decided to write. It could be because we were both born under the sign of Gemini. I came in at the start;Audrey came before the sign had a chance to change. She thought she'd rather be part of a twin than to come in with Cancer. On her it wouldn't look good.

We were mistaken for grandmothers,but to date we only take credit for being doting Aunts to an even dozen of impish but lovable nieces and nephews.

I work six days a week,and Audrey right now is a lady of leisure. She has taken pity on me and has become the secretary for our fan mail. She takes over answering the cards and letters the members are so kind to sent, and which we are so thrilled to receive. If we failed to answer some, please be patient. It will reach you eventually.

Audrey's hobby is writing poetry, many of them are personal ones to the family,which will not reach the Duet Paper. She loves to dance. I have many hobbies,'way too many'Audrey says. A few are stamps, coins and doll furniture. Daydreaming and reading are our pet hobbies. Guess that should tell you plenty about us.

In closing we wish to say welcome to the new members. To those who have edit their first paper for the bundle, we say give us more. We enjoy them more than words can say. Keep them coming and make that bundle bigger. Where else can one find better reading material than in their own personal bundle.

Lucille

THIRTY PLUS

"What age pray tell me, that you be,"
"Why thirty, sir," said blushingly.
"What thirty," echoed in surprise.
Then looked more closely in her eyes.
"Why tell me lady, don't you know?
You told me thirty-------years ago!"

Audrey

xPN 4827

Per Book Room

VOLUME I NUMBER 8

SEPTEMBER 1950
****

#79

DUET

5 Copy

LUCILLE & AUDREY BRAATZ
CO-EDITORS
214 W. CONCORDIA AVENUE
MILWAUKEE 12,WISCONSIN

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

ALL GOOD THINGS COME TO AN END

Another convention has ended, and it leaves unforgetable memories. Memories to be added to those from the New York convention and treasure dearly.

It was our privilege and pleasure to meet and introduce Rosabel Boyd and her friend Esman Giles to Milwaukee. They are loveable and delightful people from Tennessee.We are quite sure they brought the sunny South with them as it was the first time in over aweek that the air was dry and warm. We forgot they were tired from their long ride and, literally speaking, we dragged them over to the home of the Boehmes. After a pleasant chatter we put them to work on the Bundle. Lunch followed. It was close to midnight when the last drop of coffee disappeared, and we decided to do the same. We still had four big days ahead.

Among the first arrivals Thursday morning were Mrs.Moss, the Heins family, Miss Anna Hayes and Mr.&Mrs. Lynch. We were prepared to give them a warm welcome, but they turned the table on us. They were the greeters and we the receivers. I had met them last year, but it was Audrey's first meeting with them. They were followed by more friends, and it was a thrill meeting those we knew only by name through the Bundle for the first time. We had tried to picture how they would look, but Paul Steffens was the only one I pictured right. A little man with a sunny disposition and a twinkle in his eyes.

Our meeting Thursday night was one of the best. Each paper read showed much talent. It was a friendly informal social gathering ending with coffee, cake and ice cream.

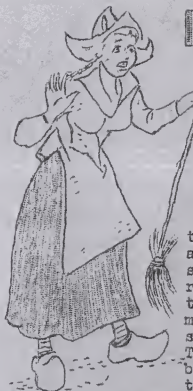
Friday, after the morning meeting, a group of us went together for lunch. At the end of the meal the waitress came and asked each one if they desired dessert. Paul Steffens looked her straight in the eye and said, "No, thanks. I've already been deserted twice." That's our Paul.

In the afternoon we went to the museum which interested our new friends very much, but one gets tired walking around,so Pabst Blue Ribbon Hall was a welcome rest place. We had a chance to rest our tired feet, that is those who didn't go on the tour of the brewery. We were their guests for the rest of the day and evening. They spared no expenses. Cards and postage were furnished, and the beer, well, we could not resist theirs. Its coolness refreshed us and made us hungry for the buffet dinner they were giving. It was my sad regret that my stomach wasn't as big as my eyes. (This is only my opinion. The Heins and Mrs. Moss think different.) The delicious meal was followed by grand entertainment that held our attention to the very end. Community singing brought the day's activities to an end. We were tired, yes, but happy and looking forward to the next day.

Saturday, like the two previous days, brought ideal weather. The U.A.P.A. had their meeting in the morning and the new elected officers were revealed. Irma Reitzel, our Milwaukee Member,was elected president. Congratulations, Irma. The M.A.P.A. is right behind you with a helping hand in case you need one. Good luck. In the afternoon the Alumni met.

(over)

X-PN 4827



DUTCH NEWS

VOLUME 1 - NUMBER 3

OCTOBER 1951

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JAC HOMAN, EDITOR
GED. TURFHAVEN 33
HOORN, HOLLAND

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THE LAND OF BROAD HORIZONS

That's Holland! The attractive little country by the sea, a land full of greenery and flowers-no not all of them tulips-sunshine and water, can pride itself on having one of the world's finest networks of roads. Modern motor highways and main roads bring a tourist to the heart of the Netherlands in a minimum of time, while excellent second-class roads also make the hidden beauties easily accessible. There are no long distances in Holland-old cities, beaches, polders strewn with windmills, quiet little islands, fishing-villages where the traditional costumes are still worn, castles in the forests, and on the river banks, and in fact, everything that makes Holland so attractive to all visitors, tourists and the natives, lie close together in rich variety. The wonderful system of signposts erected and maintained by the Royal Netherlands Touring Club makes road travel a pleasure. Fuel and oil are cheap and unrationed. Garages are well equipped and carry out all normal repairs and small replacements. Comfortable hotel accommodation-which should be reserved in advance-and excellent cooking await the traveler, while charges for meals and accommodation are very reasonable. A motor tour through the Low Lands must not be omitted on your holiday programme.

Travelling in Holland is fun. See the countryside from a bike,as you pedal along Holland's network of cycle paths. Bikes can be rented quite cheaply. On the giant lakes of Holland, you can rent a sail-boat or a yacht, take part in admiral sailing or just tack about on your own. There's hiking, too, from lovely regions of the summer cottages to the night life of the big cities. On a European vacation you never, never, must by-pass lovely Holland. It is the gateway - the hub of the continent's rail and air routes. Wherever you go in Europe, Holland is on your best route. Special sight seeing tours all over the country do make it easy and pleasant for you to "sit back and see Holland."

As an American citizen, all you require for entering the Netherlands is a valid United States passport. No visa is necessary. There are only a very few restrictions. You may bring any amount you choose in American money, but not more than thirty guilders in Netherlands currency. Upon entering and leaving the country, the customs officials will ask you to state exactly how much money you are carrying. All exchange of currency and all cashing of checks must have been performed at an official agency of exchange - a bank, a travel agency, or some of the hotels. Clothing and other items for personal use may be as of today brought in freely, but import duties must be paid on certain commodities. For each day of your stay you may bring with you 40 cigarettes. Of the total, one hundred are free of import duty. For every dollar of your vacation budget, Holland offers you more variety-more fun- more relaxation- than any other country on the continent.

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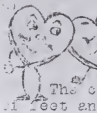
A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

DUET

VOLUME I NUMBER 12
JANUARY 1951

LUCILLE & AUDREY BRAATZ
CO-EDITORS

214 W. CONCORDIA AVENUE
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN



DADDY'S VALENTINE PRESENTS

The closing of a door preceded a cheery whistle. A fast pattering of feet and a not too scoldful voice called, "Sue, walk. Don't run!"

Sue's tiny feet going too fast crossed, but strong protective arms caught her before she fell and tossed her up in the air saying, "Up we go,not down. You'll have to go slower, or Daddy's girl is going to hurt herself.You're still a little girl,not quite four. Aren't you up late?"

A motherly voice answered,"Mister Steve, I had to let her stay up. When I mentioned bed, she looked at me and then at your picture. Her eyes were saying,'I want to see my Daddy.' Her eyes are so expressive."

"I know they are, and lately I see so little of her."

"That's right, Sir. What news did you get today?"

He shook his head, put Sue down and gently said, "Sue baby, get Daddy's slippers, please. Effie, there's nothing can be done. Dr.Lynne was my last hope." His voice filled with defeat. "To operate would mean death or even worse."

"Worse," asked Effie in a puzzled voice, "What do you mean?"

"The doctor says there's a skin grown over the vocal cords. He could operate, but--oh, Effie, I couldn't stand that. To see her eyes a blank and perhaps hear hideous noises coming from her throat. No,no,not that." A shudder shook his body, and he buried his face in his hands.

"Please, Mister Steve," pleaded Effie, "I don't understand."

Steve raised tear filled eyes. "The nerves and the brains are in some way connected with the vocal cords.An operation might injure them, and Sue would become an idiot.If her vocal cords worked they would only emit unintelligible sounds."

In a choked voice Effie said, "I understand now. It is better we keep her this way. Her eyes, they do all her talking. Such eyes I have never seen." She nodded toward the other room, "Sue is coming back."

Steve hastily wiped his eyes,Sue dropped the slippers on the floor. He bend to put them on and his eyes met Sue's. Hers were shinning with laughter, but it faded away quickly as her fingers touched his moist eyes. "It's nothing, Pet, I was thinking of your Mother, and it made me sad." Sue touched the locket around her neck and a soft smile came to her eyes. He put her on his lap and in a quiet voice said, "You want me to tell you again about Mummy,and her Valentine gift to me."Sue nodded.

Steve's voice took on a dreamy tone and his eyes a far away look. "It was four and a half years ago. I came home from work and Mummy met me at the door, her eyes sparkling with happiness. I barely had time to kiss her before words started rushing from her mouth. 'Darling, guess what? Oh, you never could in a million years. I went today to find out. And, Darling, I already have your Valentine gift.'"

"While she stopped for breath, I said, 'Susan dear, Valentine Day is six months away!! What kind of gift could make you feel like this?'"

"'Stevie,now don't you ask questions,because I'm not telling.That is not yet. I'll give you a hint. It's something you want very much.'"

"For a second Mummy forgot I was there and the look of a Madonna came on her face. She started humming a lullaby. Mummy never was good at keeping secrets. The next day I bought her a locket, the one you're wearing now.The six months went by fast.and before we knew it Valentine Day was here. Mummy woke me up early, and I took her to the hospital."

(over)

X-PN 482 /

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LUCILLE & AUDREY BRAATZ
CO-EDITORS

VOL. 2 NO. 8
OCTOBER 1951

214 W. CONCORDIA AVENUE
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

DUET

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

****

ANOTHER CONVENTION IS ENDED

Another convention has come to an end, but it is one that will be remembered after other conventions are forgotten. Why? Because a group of youngsters had the responsibility placed on their shoulders. And the time, only three months before the convention. And, as if that wasn't enough handicap, tragedy stepped in. On July 4th, Mary Mahoney's mother passed away.

But it seemed like nothing could stop the Lynn youngsters. A challenge had been placed in front of them, and they accepted it, giving their all.

I know that those who went made many new friends, and saw Boston as she really is. A city of history of long ago, left unremodeled. It's beauty of generations ago left untouched, unmarred, for us, the modern generation to wonder at with awe.

It is true that all the members of the Lynn Club deserve a big hand for the marvelous job done, but it takes one to start the ball a-rolling, and the credit was given to Johnny Quigley. Johnny was the only one who had been to a previous convention, and therefore knew the procedure to take. A splendid job done, Johnny.

The other youngsters, who gave themselves to this convention, were John Kiernan, Mary Mahoney, Larry Doucette and John Heatherington. Another youngster who helped, no not in age but in spirit, was Wallace G. Tibbett. This compromised the crew who planned the convention. I am sure that many aspirins and ice packs were in use those days preceding the convention.

But there are more in the Lynn Club, and that brings us to the entertainers. They were of the best. Two poets, Mr. Steele and Tony Cama. Their poems were long and full of meaning. Mr. Steele made me think of Poe. Tony's poem, "I Am Half Devil And Half Saint" is something beyond the imagination. Thanks for the copy of it, Tony.

Tony also has a fine baritone voice, and was kind enough to entertain us with it. He was joined by two other willing and wonderful singers, William Ellis and his lovely daughter, Vivienne. The evening and singing ended too soon for us. So the Lynn Club has poets and singers.

It also has other talents. Alice Row Snow wrote two books on her experiences of a sea captain's daughter. She had pictures she painted herself to illustrate her story as she told it. A writer and a painter in one. A writer of prose.

Then it also has another writer and painter, Elizabeth Crosby, a writer of poetry. As she recited beautiful poetry, she illustrated them with paintings. We were royally entertained.

Once again I had the pleasure to meet old friends from past conventions, and the privilege of meeting many new members who before were only names, but now are on my list of friends. Space limits my mentioning them here, but I know that they will understand. I know that others who

(over)

X-PN 4827

DRUKKER BRIEF

JUNE 1951 A PRINTER'S LETTER NO. 1

WHY THE NAME?

THIS edition (*druk*) of a printer's letter to friends of 35, 15 and eight years ago in school, work and travel, is purposely given a Dutch title for these reasons: 1) ye editor is married to a native of Winterswijk, Holland; 2) there is much of Dutch that is akin to English; 3) we aim to stick closely to the meaning of *brief* in the two languages; and 4) my better half, Johanna, often calls me a *druk bol* (slow poke)—which may be reflected in the distance between issues. 33

MORE ABOUT *DRUK*

The Dutch dictionary defines *druk* as: 1) very busy (drudge?), 2) crowded with business, 3) to press, 4) oppress, 5) afflict, 6) parting *squeeze* or hand-shake, 7) to print, 8) the thing printed, 9) to clasp, 10) to pinch. Quite a mouthful in so short a word! So, please accept this printer's BRIEF as a hand-shake from one who is crowded with business almost to the point of slow pokey affliction. 40

2½ HOURS THUS FAR

Each paragraph herein ends with a number which indicates how many minutes were spent in hand-setting the type you are reading. 9

No effort was made to compete with speed records. Spacing in a line is variable factor. 6

WANTED

My experience in feeding a printing press began in the Karl Bros. shop at Litchfield, Conn. in 1919. Shortly after (no thanks to me) the boss marketed his invention, the American Adjustable Chase, which makes quoins and most furniture unnecessary. Locks by diagonal turn-buckles on outside corners. Vertical bars mesh with notched frame and horizontal bars are of short, and longer lengths. I could use an 8x12 size if told where I can buy a used one. 51

Any printer who desires information about materials I use, or their source, will be given a prompt answer. 10

X-PN 4827 #34

Ding Dong

No. 6 September 1951

Notes at Random

As we were saying last month when interrupted by available space running out, Roanoke, Va. was a happy choice for the N. A. P. A. convention seat next year. Roanokers are chock-full of southern hospitality (if you'd ever met Willametta, transplanted Ohioan though she is, you wouldn't have to be told this) and will make visiting amateurs feel right at home next summer. But we should warn amateurs not to get too familiar. The natives won't like it if you start calling them Okies. And don't think they'd regard Roan-Okies as any improvement. That positively would not be a horse of another color!

* * * * *

The National Amateur for September reached us on August 28, a prompt beginning for Alf Babcock, the new official editor. It runs to 18 pages and this we know because we counted them, Alf having given up numbering the pages after 11, except for 15 and 16. Probably just an oversight. First page make-up is in good taste and the streamlined minutes prepared by Bernice and Helm Spink and trimmed by the editor tell what happened at the convention, but hardly as satisfactorily as the way minutes used to be written

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DUTCH NEWS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

********** - *****

JAC HOMAN, EDITOR
GED. TURFHAVEN 33
HOORN, HOLLAND.

****** - ********

APRIL 1952

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 4

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ** - ** -

X-PN 4827

LIFE IS A FIGHT

by
Jac Homan.

Life is a fight. There are many well-meaning goody-goody people who will deny this. They are wishful thinkers, theorists - not practical men and women. But look around you. Everywhere you look, you see competition. There are always competitors waiting to take your place, or your business, and others trying to get your rightful promotion or the affection of your wife and so on.

Life is a fight. Therefore do not let anybody tell you that it is not. Nature wants you to use all the power she has given you. You don't achieve success by present. Nature shows us evertwhere that we must fight to earn our success. You will discover that a struggle for existence is going on all around you.

That struggle keeps men and women strong, happy and healthy. The minute you stop fighting, another is ready to take your place. Nature decreed it that way, and Nature is always right.

Nature wants you to attack. It is the only way to keep fit and to make progress. It sounds cruel and it may be so, but it is the wish of Nature. We have to keep growing, or we start dying. If you have more pep and strenght either physical or mental Nature wants you to take over and lead the more weaker people.

In olden times men matched their strenght with their muscles, fists and clubs. In our modern, so-called civilized world of today, we do it with brains and efficiency. If you produce or sell goods that are better, or cheaper, by using efficient machinery, new modern methods of production, and cunning sales promotional ideas, you are attacking and fighting others. It is the only way to succeed and to make progress.

Once more, fight, fight, fight. The car and tractor manufacturers fought the horse-breeders and won, The buses and planes fight the railroads. The electric light bulb fought and won the battle with the kerosene lamp and gas jet. Oil is fighting a big battle with

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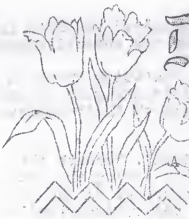

Dutch News

VOL. 2
NO. 5

MAY 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

JAC HOMAN, EDITOR GED. TURNHAVEN 33 HOORN, HOLLAND

THE PRESS AND THE PEOPLE IN THE NETHERLANDS

The ordinary Netherlander wishes to read his paper in peace, in detail, and at home. Not any paper, but his favorite paper, and not in the bus, tram or train, but preferable in the privacy of his family and home. An investigation by the Netherlands Institute for Public Opinion carried out in 1949 showed that the Netherlander spends an average of half an hour every day in reading his daily paper.

The reading matter in normal times usually consists of one paper. His thriftiness ordinarily prevents him from reading more than one daily paper. He has his favorite paper to which he subcribes for himself and his whole family. The Netherlands daily press is a subscribers' and family press.

It is obvious that the percentage of the circulation intended for regular subscribers is high. At any rate that is almost always true for opinion papers and in Holland this percentage is very high. At least 95% of the total circulation of the daily papers goes to regular subscribers. It is characteristic of the place which the daily press occupies in the Netherlands community.

Holland is probably the only country in the world where practically every family subscribes to a daily paper. It is thus not an accident that the sheets of the Netherlands paper are never fixed together. The paper can at the desire of the members of the family be pulled apart once. The editorial staffs are conscious of this and pay regard to the fact that they must write for the whole family and that therefore certain reservations in serving up the news must be observed. An exaggerated, sensational style of reporting the news, in the Netherlands eyes at any rate, as occurs elsewhere, particularly in papers which depend primarily on loose sales, is little found or not at all in Holland. Shortly after the war, the sensational element predominated in some papers, but these were exceptions which can be ascribed to the typical consequences of the war. Another advantage of the high percentage of fixed clients is that it strengthens the economic stability of the daily paper's business. This stability is further increased through the fact that the advertiser knows that the Netherland's dailies are a very valuable medium. For more or less the type of reading public which can be reached, a public, which, according to the results of the poll mentioned, spends a considerable amount of its time in reading "its own paper". These very close relations between paper and reader, based on a

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DUTCH NEWS

VOLUME 2 AUGUST 1952 NUMBER 7

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION -*-*-

JAC HOMAN, EDITOR
GED. TURFHAVEN 33
HOORN, HOLLAND

WORLD GOODWILL

by
Jac Homan

Many men and women of goodwill who are sincerely anxious th have a part in solving the pressing problems of this reconstruction era hesitate and often remain inactive because anything they can do seems so little in the face of the overwhelming world need and because any specific objective to which they can turn their hand seems too indefinite and impractical. These difficulties need facing. They appear so formidable but in fact have little reality in them.

Hardly a week goes by without the organizing of some new movement-which goes gallantly forward with notices, circulars. pamphlets, study groups, forums, public lectures, radio programs, and so forth. It is little wonder that most of them fall by the wayside and that the average life of such activities is seldom much over a year or two. The total amount of money spent is enormous and the apparent wastage is disconcerting, but there is another side, The fact that all these activities continue in country after country all over the world is of fundamental significence because it indicates, beyond all controversy, that humanity itself is far more aware of its problems and its needs than ever before in history.

What can we do as men and women of goodwill in the world today? Good intentions are not enough. Heroic convictions are very fine but avail nothing of merit if made the motive power of foolish action. It is not enough to know that we really do count for something, because even after having gained the surety of the fact, we can still occupy ourselves with things that lead us nowhere. If the power of the influence and the cooperative action of men and women of goodwill is directed into channels that are not in fact productive of and for the common good, we shall end up by finding ourselves in the anomalous position of the so-called intelligent fool. Is there anything upon which men and women of goodwill in the world today can unite, which is both constructive in principle and practical in effectiveness? It is high time that we discovered such things and got together about them.

Human beings must have certain moral standards, certain concepts of what is wise and a constructive attitude towards life and towards each other. The championing of the practicality and essential necessity of using the power of goodwill is a first essential. It will build strong and firm a platform on which all the other needed arrangements and adjustments and agreements in every department of life can safely rest.

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Dutch News

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

VOLUME 2 - NUMBER 8 *** - *** OCTOBER 1952

JAC HOMAN, EDITOR GED.TURTMAVEN 33,
HOORN, HOLLAND

A DAY WITH A DUTCH FAMILY - PART 1 of 3 PARTS

Perhaps you are interested in the daily life of the Dutch people. There is no better way to get acquainted than by going into the house of a Dutch family and share in the daily happenings. Therefore, let me tell you the story of one day in the life of the Jansen Family. There is nothing special about the Jansens, as a matter of fact that is why they are chosen.

They form just one of the 2,500,000 families, totalling approximately 10,000,000 people, who pack the little country of the Netherlands on the shore of the North Sea-a country of 15,674 square miles, or about twice as large as the State of New Jersey in America. They live in a democratic state- a constitutional monarchy. Their present chief of state is Queen Juliana, who has reigned since September, 1948. Like most of her subjects the Queen is a family woman. She is married to Prince Bernhard and thet have four daughters: Princesses Beatrix, Irene, Margriet and Maryke.

As things go in this country, the Jansens aren't rich and they wouldn't be called poor. Mr. Jansen now makes 3,500 guilders, equivalent to $900.00 a year, since his salary was raised 5% last year to compensate for increased living costs. All in all, they are quite an average family in the Netherlands. Let us see how this average family spends an average day. They readily agreed to let you stay with them while they live through another day of their lives-that hospitality is typical too. The Jansens are a family of four: Mr. and Mrs. or Mynheer and Mevrouw(as they would be called in Dutch), a daughter of 12 and a son of 6 years.

They live in a flat which has its own entrance from the street. It contains a living room (13 x 16 feet), a large bed-room, two smaller bed-rooms, a kitchen, a bathroom with washstand and shower, a water closet and a little corridor. Their living space totals roughly 700 square feet.

MORNING

You almost regret the assignment you have undertaken when a bustle of activity awakes you shortly after 7A.M.from deep sleep between repaired, but meticulously clean sheets. The daughter is making up her bed and the son is busy turning his bed back into a living-room couch. Mrs. Jansen is brewing tea, the national morning beverage, and setting the breakfast table. The basis of breakfast is bread, converted into a sort of open-faced sandwich known as boterham. On the bread is spread cheese, jam or even cake. It is eaten not as a sandwich but with knife and fork. Yesterday, for a change, they had a porridge. On Sunday, Mrs. Jansen tells me, there would be an egg. There is no fruit or juice on the table. As a guest you are told you can stay in bed and be served a special breakfast of Holland Rusk or Cake. But of course, you can refuse any special privileges. After breakfast you join Mr. Jansen in

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DUTCH NEWS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOLUME 2 - NUMBER 6

JAC HOMAN, EDITOR
GED.TURKMAVEN 33,
HOORN, HOLLAND

JULY 1952

THE DUTCH BOY WHO NEVER EXISTED

Nearly everybody has heard the story of the little Dutch boy who sat all night with his hand over a hole in the dyke, or stop-bank, and so saved his country from disastrous flooding. Actually the little hero never existed. He was a fiction hero, created by an American authoress, Mary Mapes Dodge, in her book, "HANS BRINKER" or "THE SILVER SKATES".

The popular story is that the boy noticed that sea water was trickling through a tiny hole in the dyke. At this sign of an impending break which might flood whole villages and their polders, (land reclaimed from the waters) he held his finger in the dyke all night until he was finally seen and relieved. This story of the lad who held back the sea and saved his people became so popular in Holland that many people actually believed it to be true; and the hero's fame spread throughout the world.

Residents of Spaarndam (the place where the incident was supposed to have occurred) were continually asked by overseas visitors: "Where did the little boy stick his finger in the dyke?" To satisfy their curiosity and to keep the legend alive in the minds of the Dutch people, the authorities at last decided to make the young hero a reality. So they erected a statue to him. This work of art, created by the Dutch sculptress Grada Rueb, was unveiled on June 7th.,1950. "Dedicated to our youth", reads the inscription, "to honour the boy who symbolizes the perpetual struggle of Holland against the water".

It was very appropriate to make this legend a reality because Holland has for centuries waged a perpetual struggle against the sea. A great deal of her rich farm land is reclaimed and much of it is below sea level, protected only by the monster dykes. The story of Holland's water war starts with an old saying, "God made the earth, except Holland which the Dutchmen made for themselves". To appreciate the truth of this, we need only look at the map and the record. Almost all of the provinces of north and south Holland - two of the eleven that now compose the Kingdom of the Netherlands - is below sea level, some of it about seventeen (17) feet below.

In addition to this, large portions of Zeeland, of Friesland, of Groningen, and lesser parts of several other provinces are below the mean water level. Cut off from sea water by the huge, Twenty (20) mile dyke, and fed by fresh streams, the Zuiderzee has become a freshwater lake,

X-PN 4827

X-PN 4827 #90

The DISPATCH

SEPTEMBER 1952

Published by A. H. Farmer, Box 298, Brownsville, Tenn.
An Ajay Publication, Member U. A. P. A.

Greetings to all United members and especially to those who have written me during the prolonged absence of this little sheet. Now that the weather is beginning to cool off and the evenings are getting longer I shall perhaps be in a position to resume this sheet at irregular intervals. No, I didn't just happen to miss the train to L. A. My absence at the convention was primarily caused by the fact that I have been and still am preparing for a ten-day trip to South Carolina. This will be my one and only opportunity for a yearly vacation when and if it comes off as anticipated.

The long hot summer here seems to have deminished somewhat during recent days and nights and I can truthfully say that many people have been looking forward to cooler weather for several months.

Jimmie Hudson, formerly of this city is the author of a story titled "Assignment" published in the August issue of Blue Book. Mr. Hudson attended high school in Brownsville. He is a veteran of World War II.

Mr. Hudson was formerly a reporter for the (Memphis, Tenn.) Press Scimitar and presently holds a position with the Associated Press in New York City.

Whether the voters of our country are satisfied with the scum that has become so much a part of our present-day Washington or wheter they have become dissatisfied should be revealed in no uncertain terms in the election in November.

———o—o—o———

Have you Contributed to the U. A. P. A. Mailing Fund?

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THE DIXIE MAIL ORDER WAY

VOL. [illegible]

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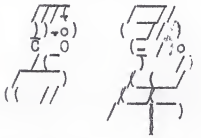
#94

U.A.P.A. BUNDLE CHUM No.2
(Edith Eisenhut, Zephyrhills, Florida)

Hi - everybody - Did you have a nice Christmas? Pop and little old me saw the parade when they turned on the street lights, and - what do you know - our two little grand-daughters were marching along twirling their sticks, looking prettier and smarter than all the rest! Look at 'em.

Pa was bustin' with pride, and you couldn't blame him. Their two little cousins were on the side lines but all they thought was "....mm, girls!" Can't you just see one of 'em saying it?

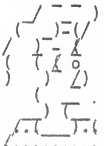


But don't pay any attention to boys - They never want to dress up, anyway.

Pa was a little bushed by this time, and was beginning to wilt, but just then the beautiful queen came by, with her maids 'n all. Did he perk up then! Just take a look at him. "Watch it, brother!"

Some of you pretty gals in UAPA wrote me after our Happy Family became known, so I am going to reward you by publishing your picture in Bundle Chum. First on the list is Jerry of Palo Alto, Calif. (Please take note that none of these gorgeous drawings may be republished for profit.)

JERRY
of
Palo Alto.



GLADYS of
Witchita, Kansas.

ELLA
Milwaukee
Club.

HAZEL
of
Chicago.

I've never seen any of 'em in my life, but I might some day. They are all travelling incognito here.

Love, as always, MOM.
XXXXXXXXXX

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* *
* BUCKEYE BREVITIES *
* *
* *
Number 4 With Odd Intervals January 1961

By Wilbur C. Lane, 643 Poplar Street, Coshocton, Ohio

WHEN THE ICE IS ON THE RIVER

You may take your big excursions
In the good old summertime,
Take your choice of all diversions
And the seasons of this clime;
But reserve for me a number
Of those rare days to be found
When the ice is on the river
And the snow is on the ground.

Earth is then a monarch hoary
With his cloak of spotless white,
And his realm is full of glory,
Full of wealth and full of light;
For each crystal is a jewel--
Oh, the earth is gayly gowned
When the ice is on the river
And the snow is on the ground.

From the eaves of house and stable
Hang his weapons sharp and keen;
And his nightly robe of sable
Is by frigid air kept clean;
Bird and beast and man love winter,
Happiness is all around;
When the ice is on the river
And the snow is on the ground.

You may ride upon the trolley
Or the steam car every day,
But it surely would be folly
Not to ride some in a sleigh
Or to skate upon the river
With the fleetness of a hound
When the ice is on the river
And the snow is on the ground.

With the blue sky arched so clearly
And the keen air everywhere,
Jewels sparkling all so near me--
Then I am a millionaire.
All these give me great ambition,
Yes, the greatest to be found--
When the ice is on the river
And the snow is on the ground.

W.C.L. 1904

X-PN 4627

H 76

Washington Court House

Fayette County

Ohio

Greetings---1948

Grace and May M. Duffee

#827

417

Easter Greetings

April 17, 1949

from

May M. Duffee

Washington Court House, Ohio

AN EASTER PRAYER

Oh Father, who art in Heaven,
Look down upon Thy children;
Bring understanding and peace,
Where now is doubt and fear;
Calm the storms, bring prosperity
To suffering nations of Thy world;
In the name of Thy Son,
Who died upon the cross for us—
Forgive us our trespasses
And lead us in Thy footsteps.

M.M.D.

X-PN 4827 #78

Christmas Greetings 1950

Grace and May M. Duffee

Washington C. H., Ohio

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DUET

TO HAPPINESS :-

"SOMETHING TO DO

AND

SOMEONE TO LOVE!"

LUCILLE & AUDREY BRAATZ
CO-EDITORS

214 W. CONCORDIA AVENUE
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 3
APRIL 1951

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU SO

I want to kiss your lips again
And feel your arms once more
I'd love to hear you whisper low
Those words I'm waiting for.

I long to gaze into your eyes,
Soft limpid pools of blue
And read the secret message there
Just shared by me and you.

I live to see you smile once more
To set my heart aglow
I have to hear you laugh again
Like we did once long ago.

I beg to share your love, your life
Hardships and your pleasures
And know that you will always be
Mine alone to treasure.

I wish to know your every dream
To make them all come true,
When you belong to me, my love
And I belong to you.

A. Jane Braatz

IT'S TIME FOR SPRING

Snowflakes still are with us
So is winter's sting
North winds still a-howling
Don't they know it's SPRING !

Time they made an exit
Spent a long time here
Should be packed in mothballs
Ready for next year !

A. Jane Braatz

PSEUDO LOVE

You whispered to me tenderly
"I'll love you 'till I die"
And yet you knew within your heart
You meant to say goodbye.

You offered lips unselfishly
Knowing love was dying
Pretending pseudo happiness
Covering your lieing.

You gave yourself so breathlessly
To make the embers glow
And now I'm left to wondering --
Why did you hurt me so.

A. Jane Braatz

REMEMBER SWEET SIXTEEN

Remember long ago, love
When we were sweet sixteen
When all the world seemed magic
And we two shared one dream.

Remember a country lane love
That we two strolled along
Under a harvest moon glow
That blended with our song.

Remember fun we had love
Roaming through fields of green
One yesterday, so long ago
When we were sweet sixteen.

A. Jane Braatz

Lucille and I wish all of you a very happy Easter.

P.S. A happy April's Fool day too don't get caught napping !

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The DISPATCH

DECEMBER 1952

An Ajay Publication, Member U. A. P. A.
Published by A. H. Farmer, Box 298, Brownsville, Tenn.

Copy

The Seasons Best Wishes From The Editor

500 Copies

Printed by the Editor

Have you Contributed to the U. A. P. A. Mailing Fund?

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#101

DECEMBER 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

"GELUKKIG KERSTFEEST"

Dutch News

VOLUME 2
NUMBER 10

JAC HOMAN, EDITOR GED. TURFTAVEN 33, HOORN, HOLLAND

A DAY WITH A DUTCH FAMILY - PART 3 OF 3 PARTS

THE EVENING

About 6 o'clock Mr. Jansen is back from the office, about the same time that the last delivery of the day is made-the evening newspaper. I had not noticed any morning paper. Mr.Jansen explained that most of the people read evening papers-and the same one, year in and year out. He takes a quick look at the headlines and puts it away until after dinner which is served almost immediately. First because there was a guest, he joins me in a drink. Then we sit around the table. There is no bread to be seen-that was for breakfast and midday lunch. But there are plenty of boiled potatoes and vegetables, with relatively small portions of meat. After dinner Mrs.Jansen and her daughter go to the kitchen to wash the dishes. Henk Jansen is allowed to listen to the five-minute children's program on the radio.

Mr.Jansen tells me that commercial broadcasting is unknown in Holland as is true in most European countries. "There are four radio societies sharing the facilities of two transmitters. Furthermore we have on the short-wave band Station P.C.J. That is the Dutch transmitter broadcasting overseas".

When Mrs.Jansen returns, Jansen junior is to go to bed, while the daughter goes to her own room to do her homework.

Sitting close to the stove, you ask the Jansen's if they go out much. "Oh, occasionally to the movies or a good concert", says Mr.Jansen."But mostly we like to stay home in the evening."You tell them that you have the impression that their country is succeeding nicely in getting to its feet again. "Well", says Mr.Jansen, "I am glad to hear you say that. Of course there is still a long way to go, but we are definitely on the right track. You see, immediately after the war the situation seemed quite hopeless, and I thought many times about immigrating. Don't misunderstand, I had my job, so there was no need for my going, but I was thinking about the future of the kids."

"Are many Dutch people immigrating"? you ask. "Oh yes, quite a lot, especially farmer, who go to Canada, while South Africa and Australia also receive a good amount of our immigrants", he says. "The wish among the Dutch to immigrate however is no longer so great since the economic situation has improved so much-especially after the Marshall Plan came into operation".

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Merry Christmas!

Edward F. Daas

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DUTCH NEWS

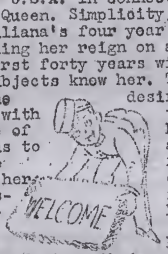
JAC HOMAN, EDITOR
GED. TURFHAVEN 33
HOORN, HOLLAND
*****

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.
****

VOLUME 2 - NUMBER 2
***
FEBRUARY 1952

QUEEN JULIANA
(The Queen of the Netherlands)
by
Jac Homan.

In the spring of this year, Queen Juliana, the Queen of the Netherlands means to visit the U.S.A. In connection to this, I will tell you something about our Queen. Simplicity and directness have been the keynotes of Queen Juliana's four year reign. Her mother, Queen Wilhelmina, Although ending her reign on a very human note, surrounded herself during the first forty years with an impenetrable wall of etiquette. Few of her subjects know her. The young Queen has gone to the other extreme, as she desires and wants to be as closely in touch as possible with the ten million Dutchmen over whom she reigns. One of her first acts-symbolic perhaps of the new era - was to abolish the court curtsey, replacing it by the more friendly handshake, and at the Palace of Soestdyk, her country home, she dispenses entirely with ladies-in-waiting and lives there with a very small house-hold.



The Palace of Soestdyk has been the home of Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard since their marriage in 1937. It used to be the home of the dowager Queen Emma, Juliana's German-born grandmother. Queen Juliana when she succeeded to the throne, had a choice of several palaces in or near The Hague and at Amsterdam, but she chose to continue living at Soesdyk (though it is one and a half hour's drive from The Hague) because she wanted her children to have a happy family life in country surroundings. On the day of her inauguration as Queen she made this clear to the people of Holland in a moving speech in which she said that "for a queen the task of being a mother is just as important as for any other Netherlands woman". For when she was a girl she was given a palace education, and perhaps, the memory of this lonely period in her life and certainly the benefits she gained later on when she became a student of Leyden University made her decide to send her daughters to a school with other children. They go to a very modern co-educational school not far from the Palace - De Werkplaats - run by a very enlightened Dutchman, Koes Boeke, who lays special emphasis on the artistic developments of his young pupils.

The Queen's correspondence is at least a hundred letters daily and the Queen answers a great many personally. Then there are all the delegations which come to the palace. She particularly likes to keep in touch with the younger generation to which she belongs and which she understands. These meetings usually take place in the library in the private wing and here the Queen dicusses all their problems with Ham

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THE DISPATCH Vol. 1; No. 11 MARCH - APRIL 1952
An Amateur Press Association paper.....
A. H. Farmer, Editor-Publisher, P.O. Box 298, Brownsville, Tennessee, U. S. A.

The tornadoes that hit West Tennessee recently only missed Brownsville by just a few miles, and although I did not know about the storms until the following day I realized a storm must have been near by because of the stormy n i g h t in Brownsville. A local man who was a State Highway Patrolman and a real friend to many hundreds of people was killed by the storm when called to t h e area of the tornado. I have seen a news reel showing part of the stricken areas and I can assure you it was terrible.

A few years ago it was quiet common for persons living in rural communities to receive mail addressed to them on "R. F. D. #". Today the practice of rural mail R. F. D. has almost been discontinued. Most rural mail these days seem to be addressed R.#_; R. D.; R__ or just ROUTE. I believe the reason for elimination of the "F" is due to the fact that R. F. D. was supposed to mean Rural FREE Delivery, and since the public has become convinced that there is no such thing as FREE delivery of the United States Mail either in cities o r rural areas when such mail is written by persons other than government officials or members of the Armed Forces, they have dropped the FREE part of the rural designation.

Boo - Hoo...This month I can't start anything about BAD mimeographing unless I want to get dressed down myself. You see, the printing department where I do my Dispatch has been over ran with work and so----Oi had'a dig out my mimeo press and some stencils. I've been investigating the possibilities of purchasing a new mimeograph for my work, but find that the machine I have in mind will cost between $200.00 and $300.00, and believe me that "ain't hay". Well as I started out about mimeographing in the Bundle--I want to congratulate every one (especially George) who had a hand in improving the appearance of t h e mimeographed papers in the Bundle. There has been much improvement in many of those papers during the past three months. To those who have deliberately disregarded the practices of good mimeographing I just say a loud B O O o o o o. Now go ahead and boo this paper if you wish and see if I care. I didn't disregard the practices (the machine did THAT)..

To the new publishers in U. A. P. A. Please accept my sincere congratulations on your splendid efforts, and may they produce good fruit for the edification of all members. Here's a good point to remember tho, always do your utmost as a publisher to keep your paper clean both in appearance and content.

I think the content of ECHOES Vol. 2 - No. 6 was just about the best yet, and I ought to know because I've seen every issue of that excellent little paper since its birth. If we only had a few more such publications in t h e U.A.P.A Bundle how wonderful that would be. Never the less I am proud that we have so many fine publishers, even if most of us can't equal Bill Ellis' work.

The folder titled "The Price of Permanent Peace" was of particular interest, and contained much food for thought. The principals outlined therein for peace seems to be about the most logical plan I've yet heard.

DUTCH NEWS

VOLUME 2 - NUMBER 3 MARCH 1952
*** - *** * *** - **

JAC HOMAN, EDITOR
GED. TURFHAVEN 33 HOORN, HOLLAND
*** - *** * *** - **

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

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THE MAGIC FORMULA

by
Your Editor

Some months ago an unknown friend from Hawaii sent me a letter with five of Hawaii's magic seeds enclosed. Also the magic formula. It was to bring me "LUCK". In old Hawaii, this seed is used to remind people to honor their brother or fellowman. To do so, such seed would bring "GOLDEN(good) MAGIC" to both "Giver and Receiver".

The words of The Magic Formula ran:-"Give a friendly smile, a friendly ALOHA to three strangers daily, preferably to people of different race". The formula with the five seeds was wrapped in cellophane and on the top of the formula was written, "Mother Nature wrapped the precious seed in her very own brand of cellophane, long, long before DU PONT made such".

I took a seed out of the cellophane and held it in my hand and when I contemplated the seed in the palm of my hand, it seemed incredितable that it should hold within its tiny self, the power to grow to great proportions. I held in my hand a small dry brown seed and I wondered 'what powers are hidden in it'. A man drops a seed in the earth and by this simple action releases immense forces, for the little seed contains within itself a part of the divine energy that created the universe, Sunshine and rain play a part in its growth. The great sun burns for it and rains come from the farthest oceans, and the fertile soil takes it to its bosom. And the good earth gives to this little seed its tender care and sees to the perfection of it, to the perfection of every petal and leaf.

Also when a seed is planted in the ground powerful forces come to its aid, bringing to it just what it needs--for growth, beauty, usefulness, flavor and strength--so a tiny thing may become a powerful thing.

And a seed is like the kingdom of God because it has an inherent force, a spontaneity of growth within itself. Similarly, the kingdom within the heart of man is a seed that grows invisibly, silently but surely. It is God that giveth increase.

Such seeds as love, kindness, compassion, understanding and courage dropped into the human heart came with

APA 4827

#106

AUDREY JANE BRAATZ
214 W. CONCORDIA AVE.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

CO-EDITORS

DUET

LUCILLE PIETRIE
2160 So. 33rd STREET
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOL. 2 NUMBER 11
MARCH 1952

****

"WHAT A SMALL WORLD THIS IS!"

"What's this I hear about your quitting?"

"You heard right. Next week will be my last week here."

"Now, when you're acquainted with all my work, you leave me."

"I'm sorry, Wally, but you know how it is. A single girl meets a guy who sweeps her off her feet, pops the question and offers her a lifetime job, what can she do, but accept."

"I don't blame you, Lucille. I'd do the same if I were you. Where do you intend to live?"

"On the South side near his place of work. After living on the North side all my life it will seem a little strange at first, but I'll get use to it."

"Oh! you live on the North side. Where abouts, Lucille?"

"On Second and Concordia."

"Why, that's right in my neighborhood. I'm on Richard and Center."

"Wally, on Richard and Center. Then maybe you know the Boehmes."

"The Boehmes? Why sure! They live only two doors away from me. In fact they live downstairs in my parents' home."

"Well, what do you know. This certainly is a small world. George Boehme is the mailer of our writer's club, and that's where I acquired my typing practice, so I could get an office job. When I joined the club, I never realized what a help in getting a job it would be."

"You know, Lucille, when I first saw you, you looked very familiar to me. I couldn't remember where I had seen you before. Now I know. You come by the Boehmes and help make up the bundles, don't you? That's a big task. I've already seen the stacks of papers piled up."

"Yes, I help George whenever I can. That's where you seen me."

"Well, Lucille, I still say I'm sorry to see you leave, but the best of luck to you both."

"Thanks Wally."

"Marie, come here once."

"What's wrong. You get stuck with your work?"

"No, I know what to do. I just want to tell you about Wally. He knows our club's mailer and all about the club and papers that we publish. He lives on Richard and Center right by our mailer. Will George be surprised when I tell him that I do work for Wally Krueger."

"Hey, wait a second. You say his name is Krueger and he lives on Richard Street. I wonder."

"What do you wonder, Marie?"

"Well, Lucille, when I was first married we lived in that neighborhood at 2628 N. Richard. Our landlord was Krueger, and they had a son, Waltimor. I wonder if that's him. Wait, I'll ask him. I'll be right back."

"Well, Marie, it didn't take you long. Is that him?"

"Yes, and was he surprised when I told him. He remembered those Blau tenants."

(over)

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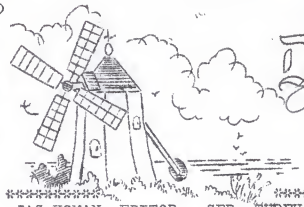

Dutch News

VOL. 2 - NO. 9

NOVEMBER
1952

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A
UNITED AMATEUR
PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

JAC HOMAN, EDITOR GED. TURFHAVEN 33, HOORN, HOLLAND *-*-*-*-*-*-

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A DAY WITH A DUTCH FAMILY - PART 2 OF 3 PARTS

THE AFTERNOON

-

After lunch, Mrs. Jansen settled down to darn stockings and mend clothing. You ask her how the family's clothing situation is.

"Well", she says, biting off a piece of thread, "luckily, textiles are not rationed any more. But clothing is still rather expensive and we try to make our things last as long as possible. I make the girl's dresses and I knit my boy's sweaters. We have good ready-made clothes that are manufactured in Holland, and the stores now can supply you again almost as well as before the war".

The afternoon wears on with household chores. Close to 4 o'clock the children come home from school-a pretty long period for one day's school session it seems to me. They park their bicycles and have a cup of tea with a little milk in it.

Then, as the children go out to play, Mrs. Jansen excuses herself to go to the kitchen and start preparing dinner-the one hot meal of the day. She peels an enormous quantity of potatoes, washes the fresh vegetables and puts up the meat.

"We only have meat once or twice a week", she says, "but tonight is a special occasion".

It is at this time that I ask her for a few typical Dutch recipes And as she busily bustles about getting the meal ready and setting the table, she offers the following-which I wrote for your enjoyment as well as mine :-

DUTCH RECIPES

Erwtensoep-(Pea Soup)

14 oz.peas (dried)-3½ quarts of water-2 pigs'feet-4 leeks-1 stalk celery-½ lb. smoked sausage-salt.

Soak the peas in cold water for 12 hours. Put them in old salted water-bring to a boil-add the pigs' feet-the chopped leeks, celery, and simmer for 3 to 5 hours, until the pigs' feet are quite tender and the meat detached from the bone.

Half an hour before serving, add the beef sausages. Strips of toasted bread or pumpernickel bread are eaten with this soup. The soup is much better the second day - it thickens the longer it stands-and some Dutch housewives deliberately make it the day before.

Boerenkool met rookworst-(Kale and Sausage Casserole)

3 lbs. kale (or cabbage) - 2 lbs. smoked beef sausages - 3 lbs. potatoes (mashed)- 3 tablespoons butter or oleo.

-Over-

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DUTCH NEWS

MAY 1953

VOL. 3 - NO. 1

JAC HOMAN, EDITOR - GED. TURFHAVEN 33, HOORN, HOLLAND

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION

FLOODS!

The first few days of February 1953 will not easily be forgotten. The thing that every Dutchman fears the most and constantly guard against, happened early in the morning of February 1st. The dikes surrounding most of the low-lying Southwestern Provinces bordering on the North Sea were breached in several places by heavy seas. A strong northwesterly gale that reached speeds of 120 miles per hour started the trouble. The seas, swept into a furious tumult, increased in level by an unhappy coincidence - the spring tide.

The misery thus caused is indescribable. Scores of gaps were forced in the dikes, some of them with a width of hundreds of yards. A frightened and dumb population tried to flee to higher territory, some escaped to the attic of their homes. In the darkness of the night many of those were dragged away by the whirling waters, others were buried by falling debris when the water began to undermine the houses. Sometimes, old people refused to leave their homes, where they had spent their lives in times of peace and war. Too often they became victims of the waves. For days people clung to a last piece of roof just above or floating on the water, or to the tops of trees. Rescue work encountered considerable difficulties, owing to a lack of flat-bottomed motor vessels, the flooding of the roads, and the sagging or complete wreckage of railway embankments. Islands and polders (reclaimed at a great effort and made into one of the most fertile areas of the country) were in many cases flooded within a few minutes. Food reserves, harvest and winter crops were destroyed, water, gas, and electricity service disrupted. Only water remained; nothing but water. Hundreds of people were drowned. Horses and cattle perished. Some 500,000 acres of land were flooded and spoiled by the salt water for months to come. Thousands of houses were destroyed. The next days new gales and heavy seas smashed down a new number of dikes in the already heavily affected areas.

'RESCUE THE PEOPLE! SAVE THE DIKES!' was the order of the day. Without hesitation volunteer workers and soldiers began pouring into the danger areas, followed by hundreds of vehicles bearing sand bags, tools, pumps and relief supplies. Relief and evacuation centers were set up outside the stricken regions. Hundreds of small vessels, helicopters and transport planes were doing their utmost to save whom and what they could. Men of all nations offered their help...a help which was gratefully accepted.

The Dutch Home Service Radio cancelled all advertised programs and maintained a 24-hour service bringing information and instructions to victims and rescuers alike. Radio amateurs too, played their part by a ceaseless vigil of the ether and acting as local radio instruction centers or relaying information in the course of rescue operation.

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DUTCH NEWS

FEBRUARY 1953

VOLUME 2 - NUMBER 11

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

JAC HOMAN, EDITOR - GED. TURFHAVEN 33, HOORN, HOLLAND

THE FEAST OF ST. NICOLAAS - IN HOLLAND

For children in Holland, Christmas begins on December 5th., because then comes Saint Nicholas, their patron saint, a close relative of Santa Claus. Nowhere shall you see such anticipation with which Dutch children use to look forward each year in December 5th the birthday of Saint Nicholas(in Dutch - Sint Nicolaas), patron saint of children, vagabands, sea-farers and thieves!

For "Sinterklaas" as we call both the man and his day-means presents, surprises, a roaring family evening with special songs and food, and to add spice to the occasion-a fair chance of a spanking from "Zwarte Piet". He was the Saint's inseparable black servant Peter, who never forgets to bring his birch for those who haven't done well at school or at home. How a fifth century bishop of Myra, in Asia Minor, became the greatest legendary figure in Dutch national life, revered by Protestants and Roman Catholics who made him a Saint is still a mystery. But there he is, in his magnificent scarlet cloak, bordered with ermine and embroidered with gold, his red mitre with the golden cross, and carrying the crooked staff with which he supports himself. He is a very old man, and smiling through his snow-white beard, shows himself warm-hearted but rather more detached and awe-inspiring than his close relative, Father Christmas.

As every Dutch child knows, Sinterklaas lives in Spain. The fact that, up to the middle of the seventeenth century, the Netherlands were part of the Spanish Empire may have something to do with that tradition. Although he does not arrive in Holland officially until December 5th., and then with a great deal of pomp and ceremony, Sinterklaas must make quite a few secret preliminary sorties in the weeks before that-incognito as it were. Somewhere around the middle of November, father coming home in the evening, says, "I hear that Sinterklaas is in town again to have a look around". "Did you see him?" the children ask. "No, but I have it on the very best of authority. So you boys had better put your shoes near the chimny tonight". Off they go to find a handful of straw, a large carrot and a hunk of black rye bread, to be left, stuffed into their best shoes, for the magnificent grey who carries Sinter Klaas across the roof-tops. Black Peter clambering behind on his two feet, with the book in which all our deeds and misdeeds had been faithfully recorded throughout the year.

The next morning, straw, carrot and bread are gone. In their place they find a little token of thanks for their kind attention - a handful of sweets, or the first letter of our Christian name in chocolate, or perhaps even a pink marzipan pig with a gilt two-penny piece in mouth.

As they grow up, and learn with dismay that Santa Klaas doesn't really exist, to the children those last weeks of November take on an entirely different atmosphere. They are in the game now. They know that

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DUTCH NEWS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION *-*
VOLUME 3 DECEMBER 1953 NUMBER 4
JAC HOMAN, EDITOR GRD. TURFHAVEN GORINCHEM HOLLAND

THE WORKING POPULATION

Problem of the increased emigration can assist towards solving the population of the growing working population of the Netherlands. Since the War, a total of 100,000 persons have emigrated. Viewed against the background of an increase in the population of 1.13 millions in the years 1945-1952, however, this can never provide a complete solution. Consequently, in the years 1953 to 1958 inclusive, taking into account the emigration of 50,000 persons per year, work will still have to be found in industry for another 15,000 workers annually.
Obviously this will necessitate considerable extra investments. It is estimated that in the period 1953-1957, with the scale of emigrations assumed, these investments will have to be the order of about 950 million guilders per annum. Thereafter the figures will be still higher.

NETHERLANDERS SWARM OUT
All Over The World

For centuries and up to now Netherlanders swarmed out all over the world. They are bringing Netherland's flag into all the harbors of the seven seas and cleaving the air above all continents. Throughout the world Netherlanders are engaged in irrigation work, reclamation drainage schemes, lock and harbor works, the building of dikes and of pumping stations.
Supported by the will to help the world go ahead and at the same time to earn a decent living for their families, they are placing their knowledge and experience gained in and as a result of the struggle against the water, at disposal of all who wish to make use of them. This applies both to those who are working in the service of the Netherlands concerns abroad and to those who have emigrated and give their best to uphold the name of the Netherlands in their new adopted fatherland.

Dear friends:-

Many thanks for your birthday greetings and wishes that I received during the month of October. It just is impossible to answer all individually, so this one way I can and use this medium to thank you one and all, I enjoyed this great, many thank and believe me I was very pleasure and am very thankful. Now we turnes another page in the Year Book of life and finds that friends remember ...well,what can we say? Just what lies in one's heart,- many, sincere THANKS!"

Your friend, Jac

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VOLUME 3
NUMBER 3

DUTCH NEWS

SEPTEMBER 1953 - A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION !

JAC HOMAN, EDITOR - - GED. TURFHAVEN 33, HOORN, HOLLAND --- ** ---

5 OCT 1953

THE DUTCHMAN AND HIS CHEESE

by
Jac Homan

The mere mention of the word "Holland" is sufficient to bring cheese to mind, for Holland and cheese are inseparable. The red "cannonballs", as red Edam cheese is often called, and the large, flat, round Gouda variety are well known throughout the world. Cheese, still one of Holland's most important exports, is a product of Holland's rich and fertile pastures. This low-lying country around the estuary of the River Rhine is so fertile, that it is not only capable of supplying an abundance of milk butter and cheese for domestic consumption, but it also renders possible large scale exports of these commodities. The Netherlands, after New Zealand, takes second place in the list of countries supplying the world's cheese requirements. In addition, Holland is the largest exporter of condensed milk and takes third place as far as butter exports are concerned.

This is all the more amazing when one stops to consider that the Netherlands, with a population of more than 800 persons per square mile, is the most densely populated country in the world. The reason behind this high degree of productivity can be expressed simply in a few words: 'the grass is of an excellent quality, the cows produce more milk per head than they do in any other country, and the people of Holland can boast of a knowledge and experience of dairy farming almost second to none.' Originally, all of Holland's butter and cheese was made on the farms, just as in many other countries. Fifty years ago however, the model dairy factories began to play an increasingly important role. These are generally run on a co-operative basis having been set up by the farmers themselves. Butter today is exclusively a factory product, and cheese almost equally so, with roughly one seventh of all Holland's cheese made "on the the farm". This occurs for the greater part in the area around the town of Gouda, an area with a celebrated cheese-making tradition. A seventh may not sound as very much, but it does amount, in fact, to some 20,000 tons each year.

Cheese is quite a remarkable product. There are hundreds of varieties, and all of them differ very considerably from each other. There are some for instance, no larger than your fist, yet there are others as large as the wheels on a farmer's cart. It takes four men to lift a cheese of this sort. Cheese also differs considerably in taste and smell Each separate kind has its own particular group of adherents who swear by it and no other. A cheese which may cause one person to hold his nose in disgust, may be regarded by his neighbor as a rare delicacy. There are some kinds of strongly aromatic cheese, while others only have a slightly pronounced taste. The Dutch cheese industry specializes in two national types - the Gouda and the Edam cheese. The former has a slightly higher fat content than the latter, although when compared with the

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DUTCH NEWS

APRIL 1953

VOL. 2 - NO. 12

JAC HOMAN, EDITOR - GEB. TURFHAVEN 33,
HOORN, HOLLAND

A UNITED AMERICAN PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION

WHAT HAPPENS IN THE PEACE PALACE

As long as man has lived on earth there has been war. But it is no less true that there have always been attempts to combat that evil. With the rise of the great powers in the West in modern times, war has rapidly increased in violence and destruction. In the same period a growing number of statesmen have come to acknowledge the significance of a lasting peace. One of the results of that growing acknowledgment was the Peace Palace which has been established in the Hague.

Built in the years 1907-1913 in the Hague, Holland it serves as an accommodation for the Permanent Court of Arbitration, the International Court of Justice, the Academy of International Law, and Peace Palace library. It was one of the concrete results of a peace conference held in the Hague in 1899. The materials and furnishings of the building were partly contributed by all nations of the world as a demonstration of cooperation. That conference was a gathering of representatives from a great number of countries, held to discuss the laws of war and arbitration and if possible to reach some agreement on them. The conference did lead to the conclusion of a convention on international arbitration in the ordinary sense. It consists of a list of persons appointed by the various countries of the world. Whenever a difference arises between two nations, they may decide to appoint one or more persons from their list to function as arbitrators and settle their dispute.

As the Court of Arbitration needed to have rooms for the sittings of the arbitrators and for its secretariat and library, a few prominent members of the peace conference approached the American Steel magnate, Andrew Carnegie, and in 1903 he granted a large amount of money for establishing a Peace Library for the Court.

From the time of its foundation down to 1940, The Permanent Court of Arbitration settled twenty-three international differences, the most famous of which was the North Atlantic Fisheries Dispute between Great Britain and the United States decided in 1910.

After the first world war a second court, the Permanent Court of International Justice, created as an organ of the newly founded League of Nations, was set up at the Peace Palace. In contrast to the Permanent Court of Arbitration, The Permanent Court of Justice was conceived as a real Tribunal, with fifteen judges appointed by the League of Nations. The court was at all times at the disposal of the various nations for deciding disputes at their request and at the disposal of the League for giving advisory opinions. It decided a number of important disputes between the years 1922 and 1940, with thirty-one judgments and twenty-six advisory opinions in total.

With the establishment of the United Nations after the second world war, the Permanent Court of International Justice was superceded

DUTCH NEWS MARCH 1954

VOLUME 3 - A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION - NUMBER 5

JAC HOMAN, EDITOR GED. TURFHAVEN 33, HOORN, HOLLAND --- * ---

REVIEW OF THE PAST YEAR ABOUT HOLLAND

1953 was an eventful year and will always remain a tragic one in Dutch history through the great February floods catastrophe, which flooded huge areas of the country and claimed nearly 1,800 dead. But by July the last breach at Kruiningen was closed, and in November, just before the bad weather was expected to set in, the last breach at Ouwerkerk. On December 15th the Minister of Transportation and Waterways was able to inform the Second Chamber of the States General that all closed dykes were again capable of withstanding another storm.

Holland's rapid restoration of the floods damage was due to the great national effort and unprecedented aid from abroad. H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of the Netherlands paid a visit to Denmark and Norway in May. In September the Queen completed the first 5 years of her reign. In October the Royal Couple were the guests of Vincent Auriol in Paris. Among places visited this year by Prince Bernhard were the Netherlands Antilles, South America, East Africa and Ethiopia.

Two outstanding Dutch achievements were the winning of the handicap section of the Melbourne Air Race by a Royal Dutch Airlines K.L.M. Liftmaster and the award of the Nobel Prize for physics to Prof. Dr. Frits Zernike.

In the economic field, Holland made big progress. In January, Holland declined dollar aid from the United States and this year the gold reserves held by the Netherlands Bank reached an all-time record in weight and value.

In the field of defense the Government informed the Second Chamber of its plans for the 3-year period starting January 1st, 1955. Members were reassured that Holland would be defended "to the last" under NATO strategy. Two new cruisers were commissioned for the Netherlands Navy, the Ruyter in November and the Zeven Provincien in December. The outstanding event of International Importance in Parliament was the Ratification of the European Defense Community Treaty by the Second Chamber in July. The first Chamber has still to ratify the Treaty.

Another political event of importance in Holland was the Hague meeting of "Little Europe" Foreign Ministers, which however was overshadowed by the French Crisis and Russia's acceptance of the proposal for a conference with the West.

Generally, stability, moderation and prosperity are the three words which sum up the past year in the Netherlands. Not even the floods' disaster seriously upset the ordered life of the nation.

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DREAM QUEST

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You're a man of many minds, all blocked. # And I don't want anybody hollering out the window, "Jesus saves!" # You'll have to help yourself now, the bartender's off duty. # I knew we'd drag Fitzgerald's name in here sooner or later. # I'll help ourselves. # That's a Rotsler-type interlineation; it's not funny, it's just foul. # He's a serious, destructive type fan. # You've just been skewered, my love. # All she knows, she learned off me. # There goes a clergyman in a yellow convertible! # I've been insulted from one end to the other. # A mind as good as Burbee's when he's drunk. # I ended up embracing the commode. # Twisted in the embrace of alcohol. # God, I'd like to live forever. # Let's put the universe aside for the moment. # He's a 100% Mayflower-type American. # I am a woman of many drunks. # He carries his sex in the palm of his hand. # Tell me, are you going to be a fan all your life? # What are you going to do when you get too old for that sort of stuff -- become a man of many minds? # Here come more fans; these have their labels on. # What is it when a man of many minds commits suicide -- genocide? # A church dinner -- bread and wine, add cheese and put garlic on the bread. # This is the first time I've ever eaten myself drunk. # Here he comes on all fours. # It was just one alcoholic night after another. # But I thought a demitasse was a type of doily. # He bled like mad, the stupid bulger. # Was Christ a bastard? # He's in the children's room, without his trousers. # Christ is seldom if ever a truck. # It would be just too bad if you boys didn't have asses -- you wouldn't have anything to talk about. # All of a sudden there came around the corner this Chop Suey Express. # But Miller is nothing like Christ. # Buck got off at Red Mountain. # Some people like rotten cheese, others like rotten interlineations. # I could have sworn that somebody goosed me then. # Hostile some time, dog style other. # An idiot and a fool going south. # I'll give you a second mortgage on my soul for it. # He dreamed of rocketships and Martian princesses when he was young; now he collects garbage. # The Bo'sun mate jumped from the flight deck and landed astraddle a broomstick. # You usually don't do that unless you're in public. # Your name has undergone a bowel change. # We handle women at slightly reduced rates -- Miller's Packaging and Dispatching Service. # He had the germs of an idea there and it developed into a disease. # You're a nose fetichist. # You really screwed up the fairy tales he was telling those kids. # It wouldn't go out -- it just sat there and wiggled. # We've been approaching that burg for the last 100 miles at least. # He's 22 and they're still burping him. # A Fruehauf -- isn't that a housewife? # I think Burbee's on his way to becoming a second E. Everett Evans. # He's made a scientific study of pissing on the floor. # When I'm around people that I know well I fall apart. # Anytime I wanted to I could have lost touch with reality completely. # He was an intellectual slob of the worst type. # Quote cover by Wilsons, Miller and Buck.

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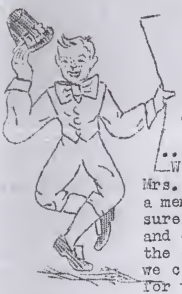
In Dublin they say:-"Now that is real good



"DUTCH NEWS"

OCTOBER 1954

A .U.A.P.A. PUBLICATION

VOLUME 3 - NUMBER 7

JAC HOMAN, EDITOR GED. TURFHAVEN 33, HOORN, HOLLAND

We proudly dedicate this number to our recent visitor, Mrs. Ida Zuberbuehler of Juneau, Wisconsin, U.S.A. She is a member of UAPA, beloved by all in the association I am sure. She had visited her former homeland, Switzerland, and on her way back to America, took time out and paid us the compliment of a visit. A visit we enjoyed very much-we can only hope that in some measure she was recompensed for the time she gave us and that our humble hospitality in some degree rewarded her for the call. We look forward to her promised account of her European trip which she plans to publish in ODDS & ENDS in a near issue through our United Bundle. AUFWIEDERSEHN!

5 OCT 29 1954

ENTHUSIASM

by
Jac Homan

Many books have been written about education and self-education. They contain lots of useful ideas and tips, yet these books are seldom satisfactory. They give no solution for the principal problem of self-education.

These books keep referring to all the good qualities which everyone ought to possess and wants to be successful in life. However, the methods to attain such good qualities are never mentioned. They show us the trees but not the forests. They ask from us that one by one we cultivate all these fine and necessary qualities. That is impossible however, for even if we may live a hundred years, we never could make it. Furthermore we have not the time to cultivate all kinds of virtues one by one. There are too many of them-energy and determination, initiative and perseverence, courage and self-confidence, concentration and patience, the art to associate with people , and many like virtues. All of them are necessary and essential.

Where to begin? What to do first? In what way can we attain them, easily and quickly? Questions forcing themselves upon us. Questions to which we know no answers-no matter how many educational books we have read and studied. Whoever we may be, we are able to cultivate one good quality, perhaps a few virtues, but we shrink from cultivating dozens.

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DENVARIA

(Varia meaning a miscellany or various collection of items.)

No. 5 Denver, Colorado Sept. 1955

Just about Us . . .

The Columbine Amateur Press Club's August session held in our beautiful Sky Room proved a rather dull affair.

True, we elected new officers for the coming year, took care of regular business, got our publications underway, hashed over many things and presto . . . by 10 p.m. we finished! Completely!

What was wrong? Surely not good organizing . . . no never! Guess we just missed our hectic times of convention planning.

Our new officers are Pauline M. Kerr, president; Kermit Schuman, editor; Nettie V. Weist, recording secretary and treasurer; and Elaine J. Peck, corresponding secretary.

We're all busy as eager beavers, however. Elaine and children to Salt Lake City for ten days . . . Stan back and deep in the mailer's duties, vacation and school plans . . . Bob Coppin dickering for a press . . . Cornelius in the throes of "job changing" . . . Kerm getting used to city traffic in his newly purchased Chev . . . Nettie trying to beat the deadline in her summer studies . . . Pauline trying to keep Husky happy and doing a trillion other things . . . Goldie entertaining summer visitors.—Pauline and Kermit.

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DUTCH NEWS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - J A N U A R Y 1 9 5 5
VOLUME 3 - NUMBER 8

JAC HOHAN, EDITOR GED.TURNHAVEN 33, HOORN,(N.H.), HOLLAND

ODE TO IDEAS - by
G.EDWARD LIND

Ideas are spirit in action indeed,
That prevent the world from going to seed,
Likewise it takes brain power and printer's ink,
To alert the masses and make them think.

W A R G R A V E S I N H O L L A N D
- Adopted by Dutch Citizens -

Since the end of the last war, some 20 military cemeteries have been established in Holland and in every of the many civilian cemeteries several graves of Allied Soldiers killed in action are to be found. There are at present 30,000 military graves in Holland, situated at Margraten (U.S.A.), Groesbeek, Holten, Bergen op Zoom (Canadian), Oosterbeek, Nymegen, Bergen op Zoom (British).

Already during the occupation days, Allied War Graves were adopted and flowers were placed on them, despite the danger attached to such actions. In the autumn of 1945, all individual actions were organized through the establishing of The Netherlands War Graves Committee, for the purpose of compiling a complete record of all Allied Servicemen buried here and to organize the adoption of such graves by Dutch citizens.

A large number of graves are now adopted and in many cases a regular correspondence takes place between adoptors and the relatives of the servicemen whose graves have been adopted. Through this friendly contact it became apparent that a large number of relatives wished to visit the War Graves in Holland. The Netherlands War Graves Committee again organized these visits. The work of the committee is unique throughout the world, for in no other country does there exist a similar organization which arranges visits and hospitality for relatives who are not financially in a position to pay their own expenses for a grave visit.

Immediately after the visitors arrive in Holland they become the guests of the Dutch people, who are represented by The Netherlands War Graves Committee. In this way the Dutch population try to show their great gratitude to the brave servicemen of Great Britain, United States and Canada, who lost their lives in the last war.

On November 19th, here in Holland, all Dutchmen buy and wear a (corn) poppy, made of paper, the proceeds are for the funds necessary to continue the work of the War Graves Committee. We have called this day 'Poppy Day' and indications are that it will continue to be a national day set aside to pay some tribute to our allied servicemen who died here in defence of our country and convictions.

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EVANSVILLE ON PARADE

The Wisconsin Press

Vol. I No. 12 MAY '56

Helen C. Smith

A UAPA PUBLICATION

MAY, the fifth month of the year, is said to have been named after Maia, the mother of Mercury, to whom sacrifices were offered on the first day of this month. May Day is the occasion of many festivities, including crowning of the May Queen, dancing around the Maypole, and... of particular interest to the ladies, the time for collecting May dew, supposed to have virtue in preserving youthful beauty. Truly, May is a lovely month!

-oOo-

LONE FOX

Suddenly,
the copper lustered sky
gives place
to tawny spears of light
thrust high through veils
on the plain,
where wraith-like shapes
dissolve
in space.
And night,
at the wood's dark rim,
hears the flat sound
of a lone fox
softly padding dry leaves
scattered on the ground.

-oOo-

NEVER ALONE

The house was very old and gray,
And all the paint had worn away.
It stood alone, ashamed and shy,
Its heart was broken, yet could
not die.
And still it had a lovely share
Of all God's treasures every-
where:
For sometimes in the chimney tall,
A singing bird would sweetly call
Within its torn and broken side,
And timid creatures there could
hide.
With wondrous glory of the spring,
When beauty is in everything,
Two bushes flowered in beauty
rare
Clung to the house with loving
care.

-oOo-

SUNSET

If man could create such a paint-
ing,
He would not be a son of the sod;
But as one of the heavenly
artists,
He would paint in heaven with
God.

-oOo-

LITTLE FIDDLER

Not another sound in the night
is heard,
Not even a dog bark nor note
from bird;
But the faintest breach of the
evening breeze
Stirs the hidden world beneath
the oak trees.
It is surely Nature's unsolved
riddle,
How a bug so small can play a
fiddle.

-oOo-

AND NOW for a visit to

LIND'S CORNER

WINDOWS OF THE WORLD,

by G. Edward Lind.

Now newspapers, to folks like
you and me,
Are like windows, through which
we can all see
The state of the world and nation
today,
Through the free'st press in the
world, I say.

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DREAMQUEST

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ODDS AND ENDS

Number Fifty-Five December 1958

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Publisher

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

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CHRISTMAS EVE

As I walked down our little street,
The stars shone, glittering and bright,
And distant church-bells seemed to greet
The lonely ones upon this night.

The wreath-hung doors and candle-flame,
The carols hung around each tree,
(As past the festive homes I came,)
Reached out as if to welcome me.

For Christ was here and Peace was here
And I had only to believe...
Clasping my hands, I breathed this prayer:
"I thank You, Lord, for Christmas Eve!"

Margaret R. Lohr

To all U. A. P. A. members:

May the deep joy, peace and love of the holidays' season be a prelude to the blessings of health, happiness and friendship showered on you by the new Year.

May you find the profound meaning of life in the full days of the new year. May you prosper in all ways.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Ella D. Laufenberg

This little verse at Christmas-time
Brings best wishes, in simple rhyme,
To Every U. A. P. A. friend
For many happy days to spend.

Loreta Inman

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BALLAD OF BACHELOR BEN

When he was high in fires of life,
Ben spent his money like the rain
Upon the earth. He took no wife:
"No woman born is free of stain."

Ben's life was free as winds that roam
The land to stir up fields of dust,
And anywhere was home, sweet home ...
"No woman lives that I can trust."

Old age came slowly and withdraw
The fuel from Ben's fire, and stood
Before himwith a cup of brew ...
"No woman's worthy of my blood."

He drank the brew and slowly turned
Back toward the home he left in youth,
His candle sputtered ... feebly burned ...
"No woman's ever told the truth."

At last he found a simple shack
Abandoned on a lonely hill,
He entered, ate a rationed snack ...
"No wife has ever crossed my will."

Ben lived with age and little less,
Till death pushed age and life aside;
He answered death's request with, "Yes,
Unless I have to take a bride."

Truda McCoy

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TULIPS AND LILACS

One so slim and stately -
The other tasselled, fragrant innately
With vibrant greetings for one to see;
While the stately one stands straight and tall
And flaunts no attributes - not at all.
Between the two there is no rivalry
To me for I can recall
And in my hands caress and pay
Homage to the lovely likes of each.

L. Mabel Gould

* * * * *

A THANK YOU NOTE

It seems like such a little thing
But oh, the joy that it can bring
To someone who is forced to spend
Pain wrecked hours - days on end.
A card with just a line or two
Will change the mood to rose, from blue.
It takes no time at all to say,
"Howdy, friend. How goes it today?"
It does more good than drugs and diet
And cheers the sender. Why not try it?

Bea Dragin

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- -

LADY OF THE VIOLETS

I know that she loved violets best of all
And when she died I could not help but feel
That violets mourned her passing; I recall
Nothing to her was real as they were real.
Small bowls placed on a window sill were lush
With purpled beauty, every petal held
A meed of tranquil rapture, and a rush
Of joyful thoughts would rise until they swelled
And filled my heart;with Bliss; oh, I was glad
For she had left behind a legacy
Bequeathing her loved violets to the world
That year by year their renaissance would be
Announced by velvet petal tips unfurled.

And she, within her grave, must smile to know
That they love best above her heart to grow.

Anne C. Korpics

BEYOND

There is a light along the western sky
Whose glory tells us that the day is done,
But as its beauty softly fades and dies,
Somewhere beyond a new day has begun.

The setting sun whose shadows gather fast
Is rosy dawn upon some other sky,
And while for us its brightest beams are past
Lo! just beyond, a new day rises high.

Then why should we who face life's western sky
Shrink from its shadows, as the sun sinks low?
They are not shadows; 'tis a matchless dawn
That waits for us beyond the sunset glow!

Eleanor Hanley

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ODDS AND ENDS

OCTOBER 1959

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- -

HURRIED YEAR

The year seems but a hurried dream
With summer the shortest dream of all
And hardly time to enjoy its gleam
Of fragrant beauty and songsters call.

Then crisp wind, frosty nights rush in
Changing the mood, would have us know
Famous out-door living can never win
Away from home charm of firelight glow.

Martha L. Williams

FOR THOSE WHO LABOR

Give thanks today
For those whose minds are clear, whose hearts are true;
Who seek the narrow paths that wind
The labyrinth of nations and their ills
In search of common truth and human good

For those who labor long for meager pay
To bring the world a vision or to feed a hungry child..
Give thanks today...and every day.

Theda L. Pobst

YELLOW LEAF

She flirted with the sparrows
And rustled as she leaves
To run away with autumn's
Soft and whispering breeze.

Katie Hallock

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Copy 1959

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ODDS AND ENDS

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Marion F. Butman, Red Creek, New York

You too, may become a co-operative publisher of this paper. The cost is $2.00 per page or a dollar for a half-page or less. The Secretary has about one hundred manuscripts. If you wish to be a financial co-publisher some of these will be published.

TOO MANY SPRINGS

I was too young and too naive to know
The fire of passion is a passing flame.
My heart responded with a woman's love;
And without thought of loss or grief or shame.

Then often, when the years passed, ten or more,
And I would see you walking down the street,
My heart would sound like thunder in my ears --
Still keeping time to love's staccato brat!

Ah, had you come to me when we were young
And offered love, as you are doing now;
Though I were dead, I would have come to you;
I'd walk through fires of hell to keep that vow!

But I have wandered, lonely, many Springs;
I now have ceased to long for wedding rings!

-Martha M. Clark

I am a puppet on a string,
I dance to whimsy and emotion,
Though logic sometimes calls the step
It seldom stops the motion.

Ella Mae Forrest

#127

5 AUG 28 1959

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ODDS N' ENDS

JULY 1959

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CO-OPERATIVE PUBLICATION

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The Co-operative publishers of the Sixty-second issue are:

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Eva C. Downing, 327 South Diamond, Jacksonville, Illinois
Wilbur C. Lane, 643 Poplar Street, Coshocton, Ohio

- -

THE SPARK WITHIN

In every man, a tiny spark is burning,
Some flicker down into a dying glow.
And forthwith then, a sould begins returning
To the primeval dark of long ago.
But some breasts hold sparks kindling conflagrations,
Fanned by winds that may bring outstanding fame,
When crises come to a beloved nation,
And love of country roars in mighty flame,
All human progress waits on psychic embers
That light and heat the coldness of the earth,
When understanding permeates its members,
With fire divine, man nurtured from his birth.
The greatest triumph mankind may desire,
Lies dormant now in some heart-smoldered fire.

Edward McNamee

* * * * *

HE STOOD AT THE DOOR

What pride dwells in the soul of him
Who owns a "home" and finds therein
A holy joy that swells the breast
From dewy morn till sunset's rest!
He stands upon his threshold high
Gazing afar into the sky,
While here, behind him, in the nest
Where love's enshrined and fledglings rest,
He knows the thrill of that one word
Though he is but a father-bird.

L. Mabel Gould

X-PN4827
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ODDS & ENDS

JUNE 1959 #128

5-AUG-1

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CO-OPERATIVE PUBLICATION

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Florence M. Cox, 1332 South 4th Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin
Wilbur C. Lane, 643 Poplar Street, Coshocton, Ohio

- -

BETROTHAL OR BETRAYAL

When a sweet young thing answers yes to the plea
Of an ardent young man that his wife she'll be
And she helps him up from a bended knee -
That's betrothal.

Should it matter not that the years may bring
Their pains and woes to this gay young thing
And in its grief her heart cease to sing,
Is it betrayal?

Bertha Mason

* * * * * * *

My sincere "thank you" is sent to the friendly folks of UAPA who so kindly remembered my birthday anniversary which also happens to be our wedding anniversary. June 7th is always a day of celebration and much happiness at our home. "Thank you" to Edward F. Daas, Irma Reitci, Maurine Leischer, Margaret Lohr, Gussie Palochok, Mary Nelson, Eleanor Mahnke, Ethel Boehme, Wade and Joan Mosby, Evelyn Marbes, John Willeston, Henrietta Beyer, Agnes Staudy, Kay Mann, Bette Reitci, Larry Freeman, Frank Augustin, Irma Schmidt, Jane Marquardt, Mabel Gould, Sharon Linskens, Dr. Wm. J. Thompson, M. Kathleen Haley, Marshall L. Hood, Harriet Nicholson, Sonia H. Davis, Nona D. Spath, and Martha Loomis Williams.
To each of you, "thank you" very much for remembering and May God send a special blessing of good health, happiness and much peace to EACH and EVERY member of UAPA. "God Love You"

Juanita H. Nolte

SWEET RESPONSE

Caressing sunbeams kissed a budding rose
And quietly it gave a dainty yawn
Then happily burst forth in fullest bloom
Infusing fragrance in the blushing dawn.

A child caressed with love and tenderness
Responds the same as this small sun-kissed rose
Infusing fullest bloom with blessedness.

Juanita H. Nolte

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ODDS AND ENDS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CO-OPERATIVE PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Publisher

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Number Sixty-Eight March 1960

The Co-Operative Publishers of this issue are:

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GRATEFUL THANKS

from

Eva C. Downing

A basket of blessings, a bright bouquet
You so lovingly sent on my birthday,
Are inspiring messages that I find
Do much to encourage a sluggish mind
For between the written lines one may read
Many wishes unexpressed. There is no need
To say them all for a poet, recall
Or vivid imagery supplies it all.
He visions the picture of loving friend
Or kindredone taking time to find and send
This special greeting that is just right,
And instantly his thoughts go out in flight
To meet the sender, be it East coast, West
Coast, North or South; blessing each as he is blest.

Note-I wish to thank all who sent birthday cards. I enjoyed each and every one. They made some very dreary days bright and colorful with their cheery messages. Thanks so much. E.V.D.

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Copy 1960

ODDS AND ENDS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CO-OPERATIVE PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Publisher

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Number Seventy-Seven December 1960

The Co-Operative Publishers of this issue are:

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Ella Laufenberg, 750 South 22nd Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin
Marjorie B. Smith, 35 Vincent Avenue, Chatauqua, New York
Martha M. Clark, 1931 St. Clair Street, Hamilton, Ohio
Caroline Kauffman, Box 351, Freeman, South Dakota
Olive Gilbert, Rockwell City, Iowa

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JUST PASSING THROUGH

A fool there was, who, his money spent
For a dog, a bone and a house for rent,
Filled the rooms with mice and men,
While he wrote poetry in a tent.

For he had found that it did not matter,
A drenching rain or just a spatter,
So he lived and laughed and was content
As penniless as the maddest hatter.

A fool there was on his rump at rest,
His earthy things were not the best
But he penned his dreams on scraps of paper,
By the light of the moon, and life was a jest.

Martha M. Clark

Dear Nona D. Spath: Your comment on my poem "These Things" in Candor Magazine were deeply appreciated. Also on "Bleaching Bones" in U.A.P.A. Well dear one, war is horrible and the Korean was even more so. All that I held dear---went and never returned. Hello New Members: Charles Beers of Los Angeles and Remelda Gibon of Tooele, Utah.

M. M. C.

MAY 12 1960

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ODDS AND ENDS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CO-OPERATIVE PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Publisher

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Number Sixty-Nine — April 1960

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- -

SUNRISE ON LAKE MICHIGAN

Dark Rhythm in a gray expanse
Far reaching into the horizon,
Quiet, slow-flowing, portent of the unknown,
Ever changing, ever moving in harmony
with the universe,
Varied as are the moods of men and nation whims.
A sudden blaze, a field of flame,
Glorious conflagration afloat,
Heaven and lake a molten unity.
Converge in a golden center.
The radiant life-giving orb rises from the waves
into its celestial realm,
And reigns in never changing supremacy.

Ethel Bierman

* * * * *

There comes a cry from afar,
Do not let it pass unheeded.
Will you, my friend, be there
When help is sorely needed?

Maud Strike

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Summer Issue 1961

#123

DIGEST

A Hobby Publication --- For Educational Purposes in Writing and Printing

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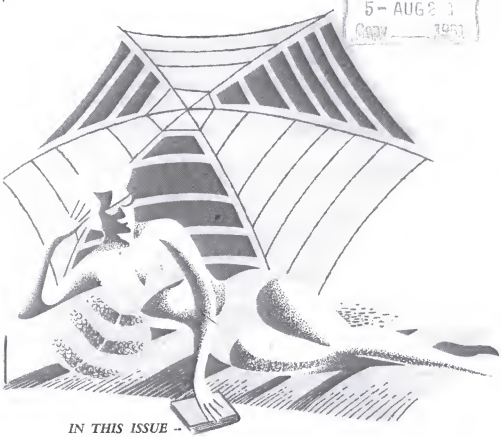

IN THIS ISSUE --

WILLIAM F. EVANS • AUSTIN WEST • HOWARD T. LAKEY
GENEVA ALICE VERKENNES • EDYTHE M. CAMPBELL
FRANK ANKENBRAND • LUCILE NEWLON FACTOR
LAURENCE E. ESTES • "R R" • MARGARET B. BERMAN

X-1497
D
#134

Fall Issue 1961

DIGEST

A HOBBY PUBLICATION

In this issue:

SALLY O'REAR — MARGARET B. BERMAN — "R R" - W. P. COLEMAN
VEDA BURNAUGH COLLINS — WILLIAM F. EVANS
NINA PHALEN — HOWARD T. LAKEY — MARY REINHARDT NELSON

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ODDS AND ENDS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CO-OPERATIVE PUBLICATION

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Maud Curtis, 34 Rockyford Road NE. Atlanta 17, Georgia
Martha M. Clark, 1931 St. Clair Street, Hamilton, Ohio
Inez Kidd, 808 Toutle Park Road, Castle Rock, Washington
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Maude M. Blackwell, 1141 Grace Street, Chicago 13, Illinois
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Margaret D. Mitzenheim, 4520 N. Wildwood Avenue, Milwaukee 11, Wis.
Rev. John H. Owens, 1478 West 37th St., Los Angeles 18, California

---

WINDOWS OF MY SOUL

These windows of my soul I give to you,
The stranger who shall see tomorrow's dawn,
To gaze with part of me though I am gone,
Then sweeter be the dream you shall pursue.

And should your eyes grow dim when stars appear,
And should you feel a presence not of earth,
This is the spirit seeking its new birth,
In flowering pink of sunset now so clear.

The windows of my soul are beauty-bound,
To vibrant life whose music made me slave,
With every wayward wind in which to lave,
Who sang its rhapsody on earthly ground.

The tissue knit and grew, performed its role
And, with God's grace gave windows for the soul.

Martha M. Clark

* * * * *

A JUSTIFIED RIGHT

Respect for another has often deemed
A justified right to be esteemed,
Among those to whom one pays homage toward,
Through candid, fair, abd complaisant regard.

Remelda N. Gibson

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#136

ODDS AND ENDS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CO-OPERATIVE PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Publisher

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Number Seventy-Eight January 1961

The Co-operative Publishers of this issue are:

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Maude Blackwell, 1141 Grace Street, Chicago 13, Illinois
Gertrude Van Kast, 3101 Oriole Avenue, Chicago 35, Illinois

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JANUARY

A January day has a quiet sound
When winter is cold, when winter is bright,
When snow is falling softly around.
A January day has a quiet sound;
Sun on snow spreads a glory around
On the frozen earth and its dress of white.
A January day has a quiet sound
When winter is cold, when winter is bright.
Marjorie Bertram Smith

Inez Kidd, 808 South Toutle Park Road, Castle Rock, Washington. Born March 8, 1900 in Lisbon, North Dakota. Married and has seven children, all married. She writes: "I love to write stories but have never had money to have them published. I'm intensely interested in the Bible and the meaning of every passage. I love to crochetm knit, tat, work cross-word puzzles and write. I have wondered why a magazine wouldn't be more convenient than the Bundles. But we'd sure miss some of those nice little booklets like PLUSONIAN ECHOES and some of the others."

COULD BE

The reason some peole don't get anywhere
When opportunity knocks, they're not there.
The most of them are (alas, alack)
Looking for four-leaf clovers out back.
Bea Dragin

#137

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5-MAY 16
Copy ____ 1961

DON'T CALL ME

This morning a familiar jangle roused me from slumber. A pleasant enough young man who was obviously following a script - known in the trade as a canned pitch - informed me that probably the best known encyclopedia in America was being offered to me on an "advertising promotion." At less than usual cost. What else?

This misguided individual - pawn of the true culprit (a sales manager) - desired to make an appointment. During the best TV viewing hours naturally. The point is, I may have granted him an interview IF: 1. He had approached me honestly as his company's salesman rather than reading me a two or three hundred word insult to normal intelligence. 2. He had approached me through legitimate advertising channels.

Herein is the real source of my chagrin. The use of my telephone for personally unauthorized commercial contact. Hearking back some years I can recall being ANNOYED by this increasingly common practice no less than Fifty times. This I consider a gross invasion of privacy. The idiot merchants who sanction this forced entry of my home are transgressing the spirit of the law if not the letter. They have disrupted the tranquility of my home and interrupted me in the following activities: 1. Sleeping, 2. Bathing, 3. Shaving, 4. Personal and Censored, 5. Reading the Ads of more considerate, legitimate merchants, 6. Televiewing. They have subjected me to unwarranted shock when I was awaiting important business calls.

In short, I've had it! I am contacting the FCC, The Bell System - I'm a minority stockholder, Jack Parr, The New York Times, The Washington Post, The Chicago Tribune, The Miami Herald, The Los Angeles Examiner, and Life Magazine. Somewhere there are editors who will take up the cudgel against abusers of private domain. In addition I am contacting my Congressman and installing an unlisted telephone.

Merchants . . . . . DON'T CALL ME!!

William Becker, III

X-PN4827
D
#15

DIGEST

A Hobby Publication --- For Educational Purposes in Writing and Printing

5 - MAY 16
Com 1961

IN THIS ISSUE

DEAN BEA

•

HELEN WATERS

•

ELVIERA MOONEY

•

LAURENCE E. ESTES

•

MARGARET B. BERMAN

J. A. YOUNG

Spring Issue 1961

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#139

ODDS AND ENDS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CO-OPERATIVE PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Publisher
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Number Ninety-one February 1962
The Co-operative Publishers of this issue are:
Gladys F. Tompkins, 1919 Hitchcock Avenue, Downers Grove, Illinois
Alice Julian, 4203 North Winchester Avenue, Chicago 13, Illinois
Caroline Kauffman, Box 32, Freeman, South Dakota
Hilda K. Karre, Route 1, Friendship, Wisconsin

SCATTER-WINDS OF MARCH

The March winds skip across the turf
Whirl the ground and stir the sand,
Theywhip and bend the limbs of trees
Send chilly breezes over the land.

They pilfer like a thief at night
Whatever is on their way,
And roar their Disapproval
At weighty things they cannot sway.

They sweep a path in furious haste
And roll the thistles, spread the seeds
Regardless of the grief for man
They plant the fields with pesty weeds.

Then leave a glittering coat of frost
Embellish our vast domain
Then bow farewell until next spring
For welcome April's showers of rain.

Caroline E. Kauffman

THANK YOU

Your hand has the touch of an angel,
Your eyes are a gleam in the night,
Your voice the power to calm my fears
And ease this awful fright.

Your kindness a cloak from the cold,
Your love a robe I can wear,
Your help a boon from heaven
In answer to my prayer.

May all your days be lovely,
May you be blessed with health,
May God in His goodness
Place in your hands such wealth.

George Jay Crawford

X-PN4827
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5 -FEB 1961
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The greatest wish for 1961 is PEACE and FREEDOM over the world.

****

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume VI January 1961 Number 1

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL - WELCOME New Members!

HAPPY NEW YEAR

A New Year, race with Time to run!
Each day its own to give and take.
Never to return, but for everyone
Nature's challenge weaves web, make
Decisions along given road of life.
While this my wish for you and you
In seething world of love and strife
May your fondest dreams come true.

M.L.W.

Good ski weather brings crowds here and hotels and motels are filled with happy skiers. We have for the first time a Ski Shop devoted exclusively to all equipment. Laurence Rockefeller is financing a new lft on Mt. Tom overlooking Woodstock. Our guest over the holidays comes from Melbourne, Australia, a young Doctor of Philosophy sent to Harvard Univeristy for a very special course with his lovely young wife, they are enjoying their first taste of snowskiing rightthere on our steep hill. There is no snow in their town.

Plans are in progress for Woodstock's 200th anniversary, being prepared by The Historical Society which promises a gala year ahead.

As this town has no railroad connection, White River Junction, twelve miles away our nearest train service, with buses running every four hours. Woodstock's aim is to preserve the village Green in the center surrounded with age-old trees and beautiful well-kept homes dating far back in the seventies. But equally proud of the most modern schools.

M.L.W.

WELCOME TO WOODSTOCK

Warm welcome awaits each new comer
Be it Winter, Spring, or cool summer.
Each provides untold interests one
May enjoy with plenty of real fun.

M.L.W.

Thank you dear, kind friends for many Christmas Greetings!

M.L.W.

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??????????????? A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
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?? ??
?? W H O ?? Grace M. Weitman, Publisher
?? ?? 994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York
???????????????
??????????????? Number 120 January 1961

WHO IS SHE?

Who is not too tall, yet not too small,
Her eyes are gems of blue
When she talks it becomes known to all
She has the optomist's view.
You will agree she can tell more jokes
With skill and polished grace
And puts to shame all low down blokes
Who don't love this human race.
She's seen a lot of kids in her day
And knows their minds like a book,
But now that she's sent them on their way
She deserves her quiet nook.

L. Mabel Gould

Myrah Lawrance, 2801 McKinley Boulevard, Milwaukee 8, Wisconsin. Born December 7, 1898 in Souden, Minnesota. Married 36 years to the world's finest, most co-operative husband. Worked successfully at twenty very different types of work. First scenario "Hot Doggie" written in three hours, sold for $500.00. Over thirty years in public contact work after seven years on radio known as Myrah, Your Friendly Advisor, receiving thousands of letters from people in every walk of life. Spent four years in Washington, D. C. doing Handwriting, Hand and Character Analysis at many large social functions. Made imprints of many famous hands. For the past six years operating two large homes for active, elderly ladies...Preparing meals for ten people every day without help, except my husband. Rabid BRAVES baseball fan; also football and basketball. Intensely interested in people, metaphysics, psychic phenomena and will play poker whenever time permits.

Herbert Walker Lawrance, born May 22nd, 1888 in Chillicothe, Ohio. Early in show business...vaudeville, minstrels, traveling stock companies. Directed and produced first three reel motion picture ever made. Manager national motion picture distributing company. Advertising manager large theatre chain. Married September 27, 1924. Exploitation manager Los Angeles studio for entire West Coast. Managing director and production supervisor large motion picture theatres in Middle West. On radio programs..."Radio Dan, The Answer Man" in Chicago. Lectured and conducted classes on psychic Science and allied subjects. During this period did considerable writing but not much success. Advertising manager for Midwestern chain of retail hardware stores. Night manager for a large transient hotel. Actively engaged in the operation of two large homes for elderly ladies. Hobbies: like to write, interested in all sports... especailly the Milwaukee Braves. Enjoy reading, TV, history, people and...sleeping.

#142 X-PN4827 .S
5 -FEB 1961 COPY

SUPPLEMENT TO FEBRUARY, 1961

Wma's Seedling

Published by Willametta Keffer, verses by Martin B. Keffer, (Mr. & Mrs.) Shady Acre, Route 5, Box 606, Roanoke, Va.

WHEN I PROMISED to tell something of Virginia, I scarcely suspected the magnitude of the venture. There is a smugness about those of us who are fortunate enough to live here, but how can I convey to the underprivileged rest of the nation or world who may only read about it, or at best only visit it, the complex features of history, scenery, climate, and attitude which make the Virginian the most favored of individuals?

History is the easiest feature, because for Europeans it began in Virginia which was settled before the Pilgrims stubbed their toes on Plymouth Rock. In 1584, Sir Walter Raleigh received a charter allowing him to send settlers to Virginia which the Virgin Queen Elizabeth had named for herself. Virginia was then a vast region from Florida to Nova Francia (New France) with the western limits unknown; in other words, almost the entire United States. Every English school child has read of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith and John Rolfe; and about the first white child born in this country, Virginia Dare, and "the lost colony of Roanoke."

New River

I've watched the Hudson flow between
Its rugged mountain peaks,
And seen where Delaware, more calm,
The lowland country seeks.
And on the old historic James
I've heard the fisher scream.
I love them, but the river New
Is still my favorite stream.

'Twas at New River's singing brink
I first beheld the day,
And near its towering palisades
I used to love to play.
Its voice enchanted seemed to me;
Its roar, its splash, its hum
Will sweetly sing within my ears
Throughout the days to come.

I sing unto the river New
As through resplendent scenes
It flows with happy voice for all
By crags and rolling greens,
Or cuts a way thru mountains high—
Undaunted on it goes,
As thwarted from a nearer sea
It to a farther flows.

Place names in Virginia reflect the long and close ties to Mother England and merely listing would fill the page.

Writers wax lyrical trying to describe the scenery. It varies from sea to mile-high mountains. The mountains are lovely, not bare thrusts of granite; valleys are lush and inviting; and the state boast some of the marvelous natural wonders of the world. The best-known is the Natural Bridge, but until you see it you have no idea of its size. Today only a small brook flows beneath its span, but Natural Bridge must have been carved by a mighty river for it is so stupendous that it carries the traffic of a major highway.

Next best known are probably our many caves which range from insignificant to great, many-chambered galleries in which you could easily get lost. The stalactites and stalagmites and curious formations all wrought by the slow dripping of water thru many centuries are beautiful beyond description.

We have splendid rivers (Martin was born within sound of New River) with broad rock-ridged shallows, as in New River which tho so near the Atlantic is turned aside by mountains so that it reaches the Gulf of Mexico by way of the Mississippi. Or magnificent falls such as the Crab Tree Falls on the Tye, with three superb leaps, the longest being 500 feet. Or Balcony Falls on the James where it cuts thru the Blue Ridge is a scene of grandeur no visitor should miss.

Few people know of the Natural Tunnel, thru which in early days, Indians and buffaloes found an easy way thru the mountains. Dan'l Boone used it, as did the early settlers, and now it gives passage to a railroad. We share a great bog known as Dismal Swamp with North Carolina; it is inhabited by wild animals, and cottonmouth moccasins, and is clothed with a dense forest of cypress, juniper, cedar & gum. Every few years some hunter gets lost in it and has to be searched for and rescued. In Dismal Swamp is a beautiful, fresh-water lake with amber-colored water. The color comes from the roots of juniper trees, and in Colonial days it was prized for filling ships' casks because the juniper in the water kept it fresh. Another lovely lake is Mountain Lake, the water of which is so clear that you can look down and see the drowned trees, for this is a young lake, formed, so I've been told, as the result of an earthquake in the past century.

What interests me most, is a recent development — the Blue Ridge Parkway, a mountaintop scenic drive mostly completed for 500 miles. The most recently completed section passes within a few hundred feet of our home and entrance to it is on the main highway close by. We have traveled much of it and are delighted that it serves to entice travelers into an enjoyment of the natural beauties of Virginia. And a recent report by a world council on climate reported this area as most beneficial, citing the fact that it varies with the seasons enough to be healthful,

These things — history, scenery, climate — are only a few of the features that combine to form the Virginian attitude which is cherished in poetry & legend. Of the latter (& there seems to be one of about every natural wonder in the state) one was rescued aud revised by friends of ours. We share it with you on the reverse of this page.

Friendly Mountains

FEAR NOT the mountains—they are friendly hands
That ease the heart and soothe the shattered nerve
Of those who come to them and understand;
To them delights and pleasures they will serve.
Yet they are like the wild birds of the field:
Unto their foes they stay aloof and cold,
But unto those who love them they will yield
The peace, the joy, the friendliness they hold.

The mountains lie at ease and dream away
The days and look down on the troubled world
At anxious souls who fight in disarray
With blood-stained banners to the skies unfurled,
And muse: Why don't these human ants return
To me and gain the peace for which they yearn?